1: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1938 AV7 Burusho AV7

[17] diagonally superimposed on each other, exactly duplicating some of the ancient smoke-holes recently unearthed in Central Asia by Le Coq. A large store-room about 6 feet deep runs the full width and height of the house and is entered by a door at the back of the central atrium. It is provided with a minute, unglazed, shuttered window, the only 'window' known in Hunza except in the houses of the Mir and the Wazir. The furnishings of the living room are simple but adequate. Two large sleeping benches, some 7 feet wide and 9 feet long, flank the side walls, and are raised 18 inches or so above the floor. The sleepers roll themselves in homespun blankets or padded quilts and sleep crosswise on the bench like parallel sausage rolls. One bench is reserved for men and the other for women. The hearth occupies the centre of the floor and is outlined by four stone kerbs. The sleeping benches, which serve by day as sitting places, are screened at head and foot by capacious cupboards, one of which serves the mistress of the house for her kneading trough and other utensils, another takes the form of a large bin with sub-divisions to hold the current supply of flour.

The normal cooking pots and oil vessels, lamp cruses, etc., are of hollowed soap-stone, often of gracefully irregular shape, reflecting that of the boulder from which they have been hewn. Gourds furnish the usual 'jugs', and wooden bowls, nowadays frequently turned on a lathe, the eating vessels. Wooden spoons and ladles are cut in one piece, the handles being formed by a convenient branch or twig. The delightful result is that no two pots, bowls, or spoons, are identical in size or shape. Unfortunately aluminium or enamelled iron vessels and galvanized buckets are finding their way into the country. We ourselves were, I fear, guilty of adding to their number and even introducing a few multi-service kerosene tins.

The greater number of field implements are still of wood, though the ploughshares are now usually shod with an iron shoe or tip, and a lucky family may have acquired an iron spade or hoe or a five-pronged iron fork. A small community of ultimately Indian origin, the Béricho, lives amongst the Burusho and supplies the music for their polo and dancing and the blacksmithery of their simple ironwork: the shears, the rude sickle, the sharpened scrap of iron that serves as razor.

[412] The sharpened stone or ibex horn, which till very recently served for all necessary carpentry, is now replaced by the iron-headed adze which hacks out the steps on the log ladder and shapes the narrow planks for doors and cupboards. The true Hunza door consists of a set of

1: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1938 AV7 Burusho AV7

PLATE J

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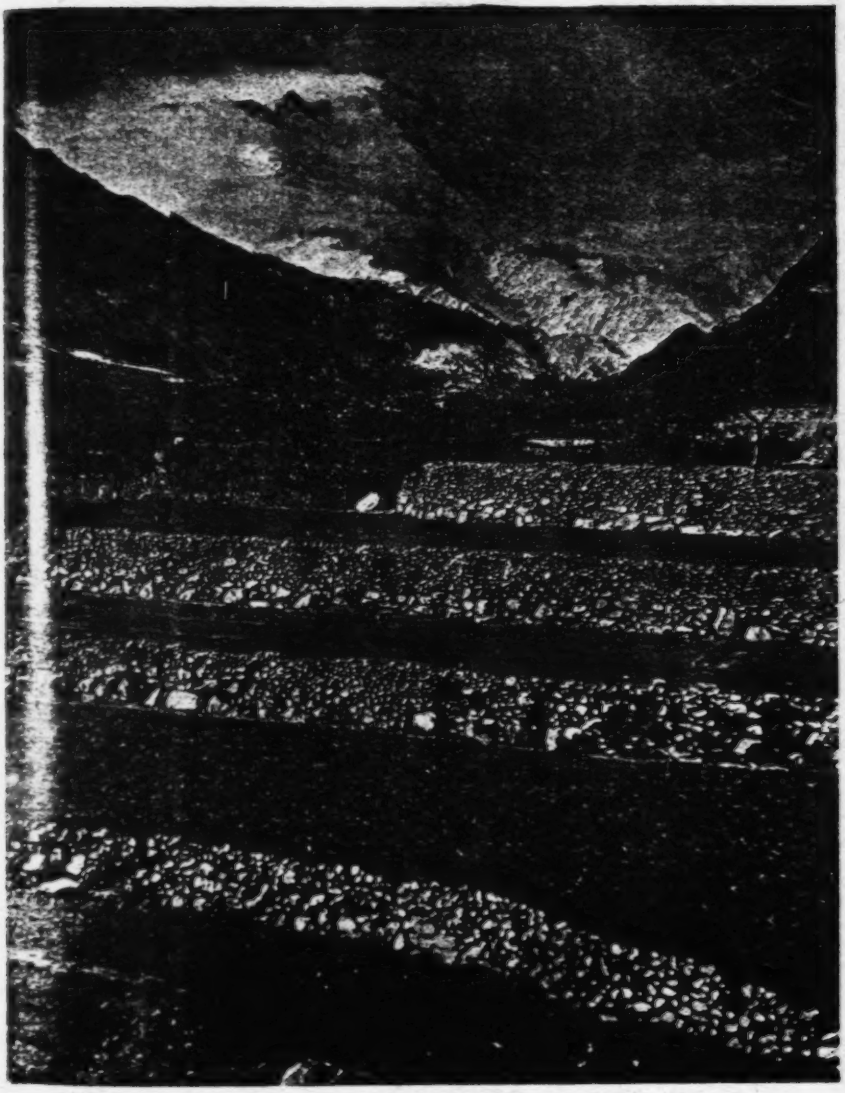

TERRACED FIELDS, HUNZA
pls. i-vi, pl. E. O. Lorimer

facing p. 8

P. 8(A)

1: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1938 AV7 Burusho AV7

The most livestock that the average household of 10 to 20 persons hopes to possess is a tiny flock of 20 to 25 sheep, goats and cows. In these circumstances manure is more precious than gold, and the small children who conduct a cow to pasture carry a shoulder basket in which every ounce of the day's output is scrupulously collected and brought home.

When the snow retreats on the upper mountains a few patches of green are left here and there, and the more athletic beasts are taken up by young men who live in shelters with their charges, collect the manure, convert the milk into butter and bring these home with the animals when the snows claim their own again. These patches of high pasture, several thousand feet above the villages, are all too few and can only be reached by serious feats of mountaineering. Through field-glasses we could see the grazing animals clinging—by their eyebrows as it seemed—to their precipitous 'summer pastures', but it was impossible to ride up even on a yak, and at our age impossible to climb on foot for a nearer view.

As soon as the trees put out their leaves in spring, each 'donkey tree' (*i.e.*, non-fruit-bearing) is stripped of every scrap of spare foliage to feed the half-starved beasts. This luxury diet has to be very carefully administered lest the animals should perish of its unaccustomed succulence.

The major crops grown by the Hunza people for their own use are wheat, barley, several kinds of millet, sweet and bitter buckwheat, nowadays also the highly-valued potato (introduced by the British in 1892) and small quantities of various pulses. Barley must have been the original staple crop, for all the traditional festivals, the Seed-sowing of early spring, the First Reaping of early summer and the Harvest Home, relate to barley alone. The peasant is wise about rotation of crops and the various types of wheat, millet, etc., which thrive best in given conditions. Wheaten bread is much preferred to any other, but barley remains the larger crop because spring-sown barley ripens three or four weeks before even the winter-sown wheat, and the vacant fields can be resown with millet; whereas after the wheat only buckwheat can hope to ripen before winter. Bitter buckwheat is frankly detested, but it is hardier than the sweet and can better withstand an attack of early frost, so a certain amount of it is always sown as an insurance.

So poor is the soil, so scanty the manure, that in the newer villages like Aliabad, the average return is only sevenfold and even the storeyed fields of Baltit, which have been tilled in the sweat of man and woman's brow for at least 600 years and probably for twice or thrice as long, yield

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

it should have been. With heartfelt apologies to Dádo and Co., imperturbably good-tempered as they steadied the ponies on their hind legs on that criminal slope, I hurried to catch up the advance party. As we got higher and higher we began to meet fields and trees. Never were there such "fields." There would be a stone wall 15 or 20 feet high, beautifully built of loose stones packed most skilfully like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle, so that though no mortar or mud is used to bind the walls they are nevertheless perfectly firm. On top of this a strip of ground not 3 feet wide and perhaps only 10 or 12 feet long, holding a tiny ditch for water and outside that a row of of poplar saplings and inside a strip of grass not as wide as a stair-carpet. There are staircases and staircases of "fields" like this with willows, apricots, poplars, grass, lucerne, and even barley or wheat. But they don't usually plant the two latter unless the field is at least the size of a hearthrug! Silly that in English we have only one word for "field." Burushaski, of course, has a dozen, to differentiate the various sizes and the steepness of the hillside on which they are and the height of the revetting walls.

There was water trickling carefully from one staircase to the next, not a drop being wasted, for it is a great deal more precious than gold. At last we got out on to a bleak, hot, sunny bluff, where we were met by two grandsons of the Mir, who apologized that their elder brother (the heir after his father) was not with them, but he was down in Gilgit training with his Hunza Scouts. I ought to have said sooner that we were met in Minapin by a son of the Mir of Nagir, a pleasant, gracious lad, whom we had known long ago as a small boy. He rode with us to the top of the Nagir cliff and there bade us good-bye, conveying polite messages of welcome from his father.

The two Hunza princes were very charming, the younger a little shy; it was, I fancy, his first serious grown-up appearance on one of these ceremonial meeting-parties. We dismounted to rest the animals after the long pull up, and sat for a few moments in some rather inadequate willow shade beside a tiny stream. The Mir had sent the kindest messages, and we

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243

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

1. Dumping manure.

(See p. 237)

2. Afiato ploughing.

(See p. 147)

PLATE X

3. Aliko sowing. Small boy interrupted in game of "foot-polo."

(See p. 184)

4. Party of women weeding.

(See p. 134)

Facing p. 1141

2; Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

524 apexes (apices? no, no!) are the "squares" and any man can move and take in any direction. It requires quite as much skill and provides quite as much fun as draughts played in our way. There are half a dozen other games of the sort, roughly variants of "marbles," all played with pebbles and governed by complicated rules which we only partially mastered.

857 We used to watch Nimo, of No. 7, a jolly, bright-eyed mite of eight or nine, pass our window every morning about half-past six, sturdily carrying an empty shoulder basket as she herded her two or three small cows off to the *toq*; sometimes she was taking charge of a small brother or sister as well. Just before nightfall, after a whole summer day on the mountain side, she would return, driving her animals and stooping 237 slightly under her load. One evening in the very early days I 857 stopped her to ask *whose* Nimo she was (their names duplicate 241 each other like our Joans, Anns, and Dorises), and "What have you got in your basket there?" With courteous surprise at being asked a question to which there could be only one answer: "Why, to-day's cow-dung." Sure enough I soon discovered that every little cowherd conscientiously gathers every scrap of the cow's daily output and brings it home to the manure store in the barn—there are no untidy outdoor middens to spoil the landscape or defile the air.

Another day we met Khano of No. 3, one of our first boy-friends, breathlessly chivvying a cow uphill to a spot where he had safely dumped his baby sister Guláb, in charge of his basket. "Hullo, did she run away from you?" "She did, the villain, but I've got her back, and look, Mother, I've lost nothing," he said, as he proudly displayed the contents of his looped-up cloak. He threw his treasure into the basket and resumed his attentions to Guláb, while the cow resigned herself to orthodox grazing. He was playing with the little girl, patiently coaxing her to totter a step or two and flop into his waiting arms, and throwing up little stones for her to catch.

857 The tenderness of the bigger children to the babies is a [593] beautiful thing to watch. I never saw boy or girl out of temper with a baby brother, sister, or cousin, or resentful of having one in charge. When the bigger ones are busy in some momen-

857 tarily empty field, playing team games of tipcat or chucking stones at a mark—they have dozens of admirable games, with rules strictly adhered to—the small ones sit about and look on or amuse themselves dabbling in water if there is any or making mud-pies. A group of youngsters were playing round me one day when a tiny girl unaccountably took fright and set up a terrified howl. A big boy stooped to comfort her: "There, there, don't cry, don't be afraid," he said soothingly, and wrapped his cloak round her to shut out whatever was the disturbing sight (I rather think it was I), and patted her reassuringly. "That will be your little sister?" said I. "No, no," was the answer, "I don't know really whose kid it is."

246 As autumn approaches and no further growth can be hoped
● 241 from the grass, these mountain meadows are painstakingly reaped, *cut* this time, with the blunt iron sickles—for the roots must be left for next year—and the tiny bunches of grass tied up. There will be a few longer, tougher stalks in each double handful, and these are doubled back over the shorter ones and the bundle tied twice, once at the base where it is fattest, and once near the top where the bent heads are caught. These bundles are then laid out in the sun—a benevolent accessory to harvest that never faileth—and gathered in to form part of the winter fodder. Then follows an incredible sight: every inch of the mountain side is painstakingly swept by the Nímos and Shamúlis, whose besoms are minute thorn bushes. Every pellet of sheep or goat, every half inch of stubbly grass above the root is garnered into the tiny shoulder baskets and added to the manure. When you have seen one strip of ground thus treated you might think the job was done; not a bit of it. A few days later Nímo and Shamúli are at it again and yet again, till not one speck of animal or vegetable matter remains. You can imagine that there is no need when walking round Hunza to "pick your steps" as in an English meadow.

233 Every individual leaf, from garden or orchard, from watercourse or steep hill-garden, is similarly swept up and stored; these dry leaves are the staple winter food for the stalled beasts —no wonder the milk lacks cream-content and the sheep is bare of fat! No wonder that I shudder now to see our autumn

would lead us home. A happy man he looked, though he told us that his back ached nowadays at work with lathe or plough, as it never used to do, and perhaps we had English medicines that would meet the case. We could only offer the sad tidings that we too, when we walked or rode or worked, were subject to fatigue and aches undreamt of in younger days, and that even in England the doctors knew no medicines to defeat on-coming age. This, oddly, seemed to comfort him a lot: "We're all ageing together then," he said, and we all three laughed a vain defiance at the years, "and we old ones have more skill and experience than the others, haven't we?"

Apart from their never-ending spinning the women have many valuable crafts, though they are less spectacular than the men's. They all bake a large variety of bread and scones from their blent flour—not only grains being pressed into the service, but pounded mulberries, walnuts, peas and beans, and semi-wild berries—and when *maltash* is available they make cakes and pastries of a dozen kinds. The vegetable patches are in their care, and amongst their many greens, their gourds, cucumbers and marrows, they tend a lot of plants whose seeds or leaves or flowers are valued as flavourings, and grow a little flax and mustard to supplement their apricot oil. In spring their plots are lit with the large blossoms of many-coloured poppies, whose seeds are not wasted on opium but scattered into the vegetable pot. They also grow small quantities of maize as a vegetable, but they do not consider it profitable as a major crop. The kinder-hearted find a corner for tobacco for the men's pipes, which circulate of an evening in the shade when the day's work is done and someone tinkles a zither or tootles on a flute. These instruments are home-made like everything else, and are often very beautifully finished; we were neither of us qualified to judge of the music the players conjured up. To our unskilled ears it sounded amateurish, but eminently cheerful and pleasing. Serious music of drum and pipe and kettledrum is the monopoly of the Béricho. When the women weed their crops they sort out the dandelion, stitchwort, and sorrel for their own brews before throwing the residue to the cow. And they have a varied repertoire of berries, roots,

than two cows. . . . You can work it out yourself. I'd like 237
to give our litter louts a few years' training in Hunza.

Salt is a crying need in Hunza, and while down-country rock- 135
salt can be obtained on payment from Gilgit, few families can 263
afford to buy. Hence in the relatively idle days of early winter you will see parties of women and girls and boys scouring the mountain side high up, and tasting as they go, till they find a patch of ground that seems to have a trace of saltiness in it. They scoop up the full of their baskets and carry this earth home. When salt is wanted they mount a conical basket filled with the saline earth over some receiving vessel. By pouring water through, they get a discoloured fluid, containing heaven alone knows what (probably a minimum of sodium chloride), which they pour straight into the vegetable pot.

Another job which is kept for winter days is the making of 241 ●
new fields. It is all too true that the Hunzukuts have not enough water to serve their existing fields. But there are optimists who cannot resist the attraction of making a new field wherever they see a patch of ground that might with luck be irrigated in a good year. It's a serious business tackling a rocky bit of mountain side. You roughly plan your field and then start hacking out a great triangular gash at the upper side. It is full of stones and boulders which have to be removed; the smaller ones are set aside for the revetting walls; the larger ones are laboriously broken up with sledge-hammers (or blasted if you can get hold of a little gunpowder); the stony earth is carefully sifted into separate piles of varying degrees of fineness. Then the lower supporting wall is built to the level required, stones are thrown in for a foundation, next the coarser earth, and the surface is dressed with the finer. Field- 241
making is the only occasion on which a barrow of any kind is 493
of use. These barrows, of which in our whole time we only saw four, are the only wheeled vehicles known in Hunza. Whether the Hunzukuts invented them themselves or whether someone once saw a wheelbarrow in use elsewhere and imported the idea, who shall say? Anyhow, the Hunza wheelbarrow is a delightful affair. A sort of rude ladder with four or five rungs is made. A thick section of a tree trunk about

241 493 9 to 12 inches in diameter is impaled on one of the rungs to form the wheel. Axis and wheel rotate together in the two side holes of the frame, and to reduce the friction a tough ring of wicker work is placed between the wheel and the side of the ladder-frame. One of the usual shoulder baskets is then lashed between a pair of the rungs, and *voilà* . . . your apparatus is complete.

There were several batches of field-making enthusiasts whom we used to visit on our afternoon excursions—cold work it must have been with the snow lying to within a few feet of where they were working, but they did not seem to feel it, or perhaps the vision of future crops helped to keep them warm.

132 When once the Great Cold lays its icy hand on the country all outdoor human activity ceases as suddenly and completely as the sound of flowing water, and no one voluntarily stirs abroad. Occasionally you may see a woman, wrapped in the warmest *choga* available, dash with a gourd or bucket to the nearest drinking tank, break the thick crust of ice re-formed since yesterday and bring home the needed water. The steep, irregular stone steps were glassy with frozen water; it would have been easy to fall in and difficult to scramble out, but we heard of no casualties. Once again we noted that families prone to accident are weeded out by beneficent Mother Nature when her ways are not interfered with.

Once a day some man or boy drives out the beasts to the nearest open reservoir to drink, breaking the ice anew for them. As the water level sinks the ice crust cracks like pastry, the centre falls in, leaving stratum after stratum 6 or 8 inches thick adhering shelf-wise to the stone walls of the reservoir.

The winter was in many ways a disappointment to us. We had hoped for bright days and clear air and magnificent photographs. In fact, all the great mountains round were wrapped day after day in swathes of dark, snow-depositing cloud, and the floor of heaven, impenetrably grey, seemed suspended menacingly just a few inches above our heads. The immediate visible landscape was the dreariest it is possible to conceive; not an evergreen tree or bush, not a square inch of green grass to break the grim monotony of sepia-grey-khaki rocks, cliffs,

796 innovations). Chairs had been set for us also and the crowd formed a circle round. A large skin sack was then brought containing sections of a roasted ox. These were emptied out on to a skin tablecloth on the ground, while hundreds of thin bread pancakes were spread on another skin. The Master of the Ceremonies, a fine old man with a white beard dyed orange, took an adze and hacked the joints of meat into neat little chunks. A dish of bread and meat was brought to the Mir to handsel, and he duly tasted a little of each.

A piece of meat was then folded into several flaps of bread and the name of a village was called out. The little parcel was promptly passed back over the heads of the crowd to the authorized representative of that village who was present to receive it. A portion of the royal food was thus distributed to every village in Hunza. Bundles of new arrows and bundles of arrow heads wrapped in red handkerchiefs were then emptied at the Mir's feet. These he distributed to all the people about to take part in the archery.

796 The stage was now set for the essential part of the Bopfau
799 ceremony. The Mir and Royal Princes stood up and formed a semi-circle facing east, holding their joined hands out cup-wise in front of them. A small bag of seed-grain had been brought adorned at the mouth with a bunch of maidenhair. From this, grain was poured into their hands, and on top of the Mir's handful was placed a microscopic bag made from the skin of a sheep's heart and filled with gold dust. The officiating greybeard intoned a prayer of blessing, and at a given signal the Mir and Princes flung the grain back over their heads and the people crowded in to catch it in their hands. Those lucky enough to secure any, promptly rubbed it between their palms and ate it. He was doubly lucky who secured the bag of gold, but we heard that he was expected to distribute it in alms, so the concrete advantage was slight.

796 The grain-throwing was three times repeated, and we all
241 moved off to another part of the field, where a little heap of manure had been spread out. Two yoked oxen were now driven forward drawing an old-style plough (rather perfunctorily attached for it came adrift and had to be readjusted).

BARLEY SOWING AND "STARVATION SPRINGTIME"

Then the Mir, still wearing his royal robes, ploughed three parallel furrows and formally initiated the Barley Sowing of the year. In theory no true Hunzukuts will sow his barley till this ceremony has been performed, but we were told that in fact anyone who is ready earlier and thinks the time is ripe has not the slightest hesitation in going ahead with the good work. Never was a people so admirably full of common sense!

The Bopfau field was now deserted for the polo-ground; the crowd helter-skeltered down the wall, bringing the stones down on their heels in clouds of dust: the one and only time when I saw Hunza folk knock even one stone from its place without halting to replace it. We descended by the ladder with greater dignity and proceeded to the raised dais reserved for "The Great" on such occasions. Directly opposite the Grand Stand at the farther side of the ground was a little pile of earth about 2 feet high, and piled as steep as it would stand, on the side of which was fixed a target of brittle wood covered with a thin plaque of beaten silver. The mark was about 2 inches by 2½, and much the shape of an egg in profile.

Before the archery began all the Mir's horses in fine trappings were galloped down the field—the band thumping and piping as they came. Then the archers rode by carrying their immense bows of spliced wood faced with plates of ibex horn and strung with plaited leather. There were about thirty of them, including Prince Shah Khan ("Little Lord Fauntleroy") on a small pony with a full-sized bow nearly as long as himself. From the far end of the ground they came hurtling along one by one, coaxing their horses into a steadier gallop as they neared the mark, then flinging down the reins and firing as they passed. Some arrows flew a bit wide, but by far the greater number buried themselves to the feathers in the little earthen mound. A few horses sheered off, not permitting their riders to take a shot, and one fine animal, seeing the mound stuck as full of arrows as it could hold, decided that the game was a steeplechase and cleared the mound in a magnificent leap, evoking much laughter. One man, a very William Tell, split the target through the very centre to thunderous applause.

BARLEY SOWING AND "STARVATION SPRINGTIME"

A month later, by the third week of March, we were well 132
into the Spring. The winter wheat formed a bright green carpet on the shelf-like fields, about three-quarters of our Alitábád ground being given over to it.

The barley which the men had sown after the Bopfau, just 243
the other day it seemed, was showing green over the most of the rest, and would presently outstrip the wheat and ripen first. The only brown fields left were those that were being prepared for vegetables and potatoes. No leaves were yet showing anywhere, but fat red apricot buds looked promising.

As autumn drew in we had begun to feel a little disappointed 241
in our Hunza friends whose marvellous field-walls we had always admired so much with not one single stone out of its place. There were breaches here and there, sometimes quite big ones, and paths were often blocked by a fall of stones, and no one seemed to bother. This puzzled us as out of character, but as soon as the last fear of frost was over, every spare moment was spent by men and boys restoring the countryside to its normal state of faultless tidiness. We now saw the reason of the apparent neglect. The frost and ice simply tear the walls to pieces, and to repair them during winter would be sheer folly. We might perhaps have divined this; but now at any rate we knew.

One early day in March we saw Khano on the mountain side 233
walking slowly and with circumspection. This was so strange a sight that we went over to investigate. "What are you carrying so carefully under your *chogo*?" "My first kid," he said, opening his cloak to display the tiny head with triumph. "That's the mother there. I'm expecting four to-morrow. I do hope they won't get born at night in the byre. I'd rather they came when I'm out with them alone." "How do you happen to have so many goats?" we asked. "Oh, I'm herding for the Yerpa now. He's no boys of his own, you see." How crazy it would be to call a lad like that "uneducated" because he doesn't happen to have learned to read or write! He is proudly able to act as accoucheur to his goats, which few of our youngsters at home would feel equal to. We enquired later of Dádo and the rest what sort of wages Khano was able to earn, and their view was that he was probably not given

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

presence there. It was tantalizing to delay our return to headquarters; on the other hand, since in common courtesy the visit must some time be paid, we had promised to visit Nagir before returning to Aliábád, so we remained on the Nagir side of the river and proceeded to that gloomy, sunless capital.

At Minapin, the last stage before Hunza or Nagir, as the case might be, we were met by a laughing, bright-eyed boy, too genial to be a Nagir product: it was Haiyáto's son (one of three) who had come the fourteen miles to meet his father, explaining "I was heartsick for you and the horse, my father."

Ernest, Dádo, and Qudrat Ullah had never been in Nagir before, and were much amused at seeing Hunza from across the water. Everything *did* look odd, Aliábád beacon-tower very imposing above the empty, graveyard hill. Nagir is more spacious and richer than I had remembered. The fields are all slightly sloping and the revetting walls not nearly so high or so well-built as those of Hunza. The houses, like the Gilgit houses, are mainly built of sun-dried brick, and looked tidy and neat. Upper balconies are rare, and it seemed to me that the smoke-holes were much smaller and usually at one side of the roof, but the roofs appeared to have a parapet of a foot or so all round. The villages, so familiar in profile from the Hunza side, are much deeper than their appearance from the distance would suggest. The path from Sumair onwards up the Nagir gorge was very narrow, crumbly, and in poor repair, but looking at the texture of the cliffs it was not easy to see how anything radical could be done to improve it unless the course of it were entirely altered and carried much higher up and over the top of various bluffs and crags: an expensive engineering feat. Presently we came to an ugly *zhingát* on a long stretch of steep, almost fluid rubbish-heap slope—a place well remembered in my nightmares—across which the track, such as it was, was a bare 18 inches wide, and not even level at that. It is a good quarter of a mile; we took it on foot at the double, and were thankful to reach comparative safety at the other side, and see our horses and men follow without mishap. There is no shame in funking these things; the natives like them as little as we, and are as frank about it. Familiarity with a

DIGRESSION TO YASIN

487 To revert to our homeward journey: After descending the Mir's famous new road on foot (it was so steep that our people voluntarily carried the loads down and loaded the animals below) we rode as far as the perilous *zhingát*, then dismounted and scooted across it in undignified but prudent haste. It was actively streaming pebbles, and at the safer spots where a bush or an apparently well-rooted boulder sheltered the track, we halted, looked, and waited to make sure that nothing larger was coming and then ran for it. A biggish stone or boulder takes three to four seconds after it is sighted to reach the track, and you must use your judgment and gamble on your chances. We felt a little anxious till we saw that all our people and kit were safely over too. Under a small new half-built mosque we halted in the shade to drink some thermos tea. The owner of the land, an intelligent man, courteously came up and offered to spread bedding for us to sit on; there were some children about but they were shy and churlish and unresponsive to our advances. The ride through the villages was pleasant; there are lovely big trees in Nagir (such as Hunza
● 241 cannot afford), and lashings of water. The fact that the Nagirkuts don't level their fields completely, but allow them to be on a fairly steep slope, seems to entail a much more elaborate system of ridging and much more trampling through the crops to direct the water. We wondered whether it really saved trouble after all.

487 Presently we came to the long Shayár *zhingát* just opposite Aliábád, though so many dusty miles away by road. We had had it under observation for many months from our windows, and knew that in fact boulder bombardments down it were rare, though very thorough and impressive when they did occur. Still, it is always a nasty business. Like the other one, it was trickling actively, but the surface of the track across it was wide and fair, so we rode at it as always before. We were about half-way across when Haiyáto looked up and saw puffs of dust above us indicating the marksmanship of falling stones. He shouted "Ride for your life, Sahib!" and stupidly got so excited as to frighten the horses, who, without any additional incentive, are always nervous and jumpy on these mountain shoots. I know few feelings more unpleasant than the trembling

Chapter 27

THE FIRST OF THE HARVEST

000 THE first few days after our return we spent in picking up threads again, and very jolly it was to make the tour of the dear, familiar farmsteads and be shown the new kids and lambs, the new stone shed, etc., to comment on the progress each field was making—in some, little knobs were forming on the barley stalks, where presently the new ears would come, in some few, the ears were already taking shape—to see how far the new fields had progressed towards completion, and what jobs were now in hand. We were touched to find that it was not only our more immediate, better-known neighbours who seemed glad to see us, but even the more distant, rarely visited families flocked to the doors and came out to kiss our hands till the greetings became almost monotonous: "We have missed you. You were long away. We are glad you are back. Are you well?" Old men tottered up to talk to us, young mothers brought new babies to be introduced; Baby Faqér laughed and crowed and "knew his grandmother" (he was a very bright and intelligent little chap for only five months), and little Afrots had not forgotten how to shake hands and say "How do you do?" performing these feats to the admiration of crowds from the three adjacent house-roofs and a large passing party in the lane.

233 241 Bare fields that had been lying fallow were being got ready and dotted with manure dumps for the independent millets, sand was being dug from the silt traps to add to the beasts' bedding, whence it would duly reach the fields, and women were fetching baskets of earth from the "Mir's Stables" to add to the banked soil round their potatoes. The whole

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

countryside was a hive of industry. We missed the larger animals and learnt that they had already been taken up to the *tér* for the summer, while the tiny lambs and kids who were being carefully shepherded about to get what scanty grazing they could find without trespassing into the springing crops, demanded the unceasing vigilance of their small guardians.

The most noticeable new phenomenon was the constant stream of people, men or women, stooping under huge bundles of greenery till they looked in truth "like trees walking." We had come back to find the poplars well clothed and bushy (for poplars), giving an unwonted air of luxury to the landscape, but now they were being ruthlessly stripped to provide fodder for the animals, half starved throughout the winter on a diet of dry leaves. Poplar, willow, and *gindáwer* are all laid under contribution, but the new fodder has to be very carefully issued at first lest the poor beasts should perish of its unaccustomed succulence. I stood one day watching and photographing a minute human insect at the top of a 50 or 60 foot poplar skilfully stripping it of its spring glory and leaving only the tiniest green tuft at the top. A whole handsome row were about to be similarly shorn. In a moment of thoughtlessness I said to the peasant at my side: "They look so lovely, it does seem a pity. . . ." He turned on me almost fiercely: "What, Mother? Would you starve our beasts for the sake of a poplar tree? The leaves will come again next spring. There is no cure for a dead sheep." I stood rebuked.

No. 3 had been laying out a new vegetable plot. Apicho showed me the various beds ready for beans, scarlet runners (which here have yellow flowers), marrows, and greens, but confessed that manure was their great problem. They have only one cow, poor devils, and with the best will in the world one cow cannot produce enough.

The end of May is the season when new saplings of poplar, willow, etc., are planted, and we occasionally met people carrying off bundles of them to set in place. The mills were in action again, and such fortunate folk as had a little grain still left from their emergency store—not, after all, exhausted by weddings or funerals—were carrying pathetically small bags of

it to be ground.

it to be ground. But "Starvation Springtime" was still ruling the land, and we noticed the children looking very thin and peaky, and a few with sores on their faces—hunger sores. We had often remarked on the complete absence of skin diseases amongst these cleanly folk, and the hunger sores rapidly disappeared with the coming of more food.

The opening of June saw weeding being very intensively carried out, not only for the sake of the growing crops, but for the weeds' own sake; those which were dubbed "crows' vegetables" were thrown to the sheep and goats, while sorrel and the like found their way into the family cooking-pot. Irrigation questions were now serious, for the crops must not be starved of water at the critical moment, and we used to meet bands of Aliábádkuts armed with shovels walking out the eight or more miles to the highest point of the Dála to guard and govern the controlling sluices. The potatoes were now beginning to flower and the mulberries to show signs of ripening, and the air was rent by shrill boy and girl noises designed to scare the birds off the mulberry trees. Every boy was armed with his catapult bow, made and strung of course by his own hands. I asked Yaman how many birds he had killed with his little stones: "Seventy-two, so far this season, Mother, but I'll get lots more." "What do you do with them?" "Oh, I take them home and put them in the pot, but there's not much meat on them." Our first impression of Hunza had been that, except for magpies, it was an entirely birdless land; this was a mistake. Migratory birds came in flocks at various seasons when any sort of likely food was going. Their various species I was not ornithologist enough to know; to me, as to A. J. Balfour, each was just "an average small bird," and the Hunza terminology was no great help to identification, for they were known as "mulberry birds," "barley birds," or the like, according to which crop they threatened. We now also for the first time saw shorn goats. Whereas the Hunza sheep are robbed of their wool just whenever wool is needed, so that you never see a really generous-looking ample fleece, the goats are shorn only once a year, in early summer. If you think of it, goat's hair would be too wiry to spin at all unless it were a decent length.

all thriving. The field walls looked very jolly at this season with wild flowers of the rock-garden type growing in the crannies between the stones and fostered by the seepage from the irrigated fields above. Amongst them was a wild mint and a wild thyme, the flavouring qualities of which are known and appreciated.

On June 12th we saw some people hungrily eyeing their barley and reckoning that it would be ripe for cutting in another fifteen days. It was said to be good this year in spite of an abnormally cold, late spring. Some rain showers that we had were welcomed though they temporarily cooled the air. But as clouds and rain continued, anxiety began to be felt lest the wheat should be late and delay too long the planting of the buckwheat-on-wheat. The barley is subject to a disease called *tam*, which stripes the leaves an ugly yellow and produces a milky liquid in the ears. Few plants were attacked this year. The disease called *matèl* (rust?), which makes black ears, attacks only wheat and millet, and if the cold and rain persisted it might be expected to set in. We were doubly anxious that this year's crops should be good: unselfishly for the people's sake; selfishly lest a bad year should be attributed to the maleficent influence of two crazy people learning Burushaski—though indeed these highly rational people would be unlikely to indulge any such fantastic association of ideas.

We saw some people one day collecting the under-bark from red willow trees; they use it for dyeing the leather of their native boots and skilfully chip it out from the living tree without injuring the willow.

Now that the people were really within sight of food they frankly confessed to being desperately hungry, and the strain of unremitting work—weeding, ploughing, manuring, grafting, irrigating from dawn to dusk on empty tummies—was showing in drawn, thin faces, but appeared powerless to damp their spirits or fray their tempers. It was dreadful to look on and be helpless to feed the multitude with loaves or fishes, while we lived—sparingly enough by home standards but—riotously compared with these much more deserving neighbours. We saw one day a group of men sitting pensively under a mulberry

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

shout of "Here they come!" Far away, hundreds of feet below us, we could just descry a pair of horsemen scrambling up the road I have described. It was two of the royal princes, one of them Lord Fauntleroy, each with an armful of ripe golden barley. Soon they disappeared into the bowels of the Fort below us and presently their heads popped up through the trap-door. Someone whisked the barley from their arms and disappeared with it to rub the ears and toast the grains. The Mir appeared from an inner door. He was wearing a loose gown of pale blue silk all embroidered in gold and a pale turban also touched with gold. He greeted his people like a king and went over to his seat, quietly kicked off his slippers, and neatly slithered himself on to the couch-like throne in photograph-defying shadow, and sat cross-legged—the perfect picture of an Oriental monarch whose authentic ancestors were ruling Hunza while our Black Prince was fighting in the fields of France. He graciously signed for us to come near, and I let my chair be brought under the verandah, but DL begged to be allowed to stay out in the balcony where he could move about more freely.

Then came a henchman with ewer and basin and the Mir very sensibly spread a towel over his silken knees and velvet cloth while water was poured over his hands. Another minion then presented a priceless china bowl filled with sour milk, and the Mir taking a silver spoon lifted half a spoonful of the junket and held it out while the man sprinkled in three grains of toasted barley. This he ate—three times three grains in all—thus handselling the first fruits of the year's new harvest. Then the bowl was circulated to DL (with a fresh spoon) and then to me, and then in order of rank and precedence to the rest of the assembled company. It was a simple yet impressive little communion service. And throughout the country every family in like fashion ceremonially tastes the first grains of the new barley, and carries in the first-cut stalks solemnly to bind them round the *shiri dako*, the main pillar of the humble atrium, where they remain till in due course replaced a twelve-month later.

When the bowl and barley grains had made the rounds, in

2; Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

was brought the largest wooden tray I ever saw, piled high with various foods: I noted a fresh cabbage, stacks of several kinds of bread, dishes of dried curds, mountains of rice with nuts and onions on top, and every sort of vegetable cooked in butter. The Mir sampled everything very sparingly, laughingly explaining that he must not tuck in now as he had to eat dinner with us presently. Then the royal tray was taken over and placed before the princes, while mountains of bread and meat were set in the centre of the balcony for everybody. The meat was hacked up as usual with an adze and the food quickly distributed and almost as quickly disposed of, no one going through the farce of having a delicate appetite. The beauty of this kind of feast is that there is no "clearing away," for in five minutes not one visible crumb was left.

Then all stood up and turned to the Mir with a bow and a curious gesture brushing down their beards or moustaches or whiskers with both hands (whether they had any such trimming on the face or not) and said in unison *mubárak manish!*—may it be blessed!—thereupon fading out one by one down the trap-door. When the road was clear we all climbed down too, and in the courtyard the Mir mounted his horse again for a sort of triumphal march home. He suggested our riding with him, but we explained that we should prefer to walk down if we might. He laughed and said: "So should I, but I must not!" The ascent of the Hunza Mall is all right, but riding down it is unattractive. We waited till he had plunged vertically out of sight and took our time to the descent on foot. There is a wonderful collection of old buildings, with balcony rooms propped on rudely carved pillars, a charming old, now disused mosque, also lavishly carved, and a wonderful old mill, all packed tight round the feet of the Fort for safety.

After we got back to the Mir's gardens we washed and changed, and dined with him in a roomy tent. The poor man had been having severe toothache for several days and no sleep at night, yet he manfully ate his way through dinner and kept the conversation going. Next morning we were awakened by a magnificent voice chanting the Call to Prayer before dawn. It was the only *muezzin* we ever heard in Hunza, but the Mir

takes a pride in having every sort of artisan and artist in his service. I peeped out through the muslin curtain of our tent, but I didn't notice any great rush of the population to pray. There was polo at 6 a.m., to which we did not turn out.

After breakfast there was a great feast in the large courtyard outside the garden at Kerimabad where the Mir sat daily to hold public court. The large open space was packed with feasters. The Mir was seated under a verandah on another throne (again in heavy shadow), and strings of people came with huge baskets on their backs, laden with food. We were seated on the vantage ground of a rocky shelf in a great boulder that commands the courtyard and at the same time forms the foundation of a splendidly sited guest-house bungalow of comparatively recent date. Yesterday's performance was repeated but without the ceremonial of the toasted barley grains. Yesterday the guests on the Fort balcony had been only "The Great," but to-day the feasters were a more representative and larger crowd. The eating did not take long, and we then adjourned to see the usual kind of dancing.

After that lunch we said good-bye and rode home: again at the very hottest time of a ninety-in-the-shade day. But we were thankful to have seen the Ginání ceremonial which was just over when we arrived the year before. We had now seen the Hunza year right through with all its festivals, and alas! packing and departure were beginning to loom large in our thoughts. We could not linger so long in Hunza as to risk having again to *walk* the Burzil—Fate and weather might not have been so kind the second time. DL had toiled with his two Wakhis through all the work he was likely to be able to extract from them, and we bade the dear old men an affectionate and thankful farewell. Khalifa Farághat was the proud possessor of a pair of "old age spectacles" we had procured for him from the Agency Surgeon in Gilgit, which he said gave his eyes a new lease of life.

We had brought the faithful Muslim back with us from Yasin, having obtained leave for him from the Rajah, and David had been spending all his leisure from Wakhi and Burushaski on rounding off his Werchikwar, but we

3: Lorimer L-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1935 AV7 Burusho AV7

Among the vast and savage mountains of the Western Karakoram, which are generally devoid of a blade of grass, and of which the surface by falls of cliff and boulders, the slipping of detritus, and the downpouring of mud-floods, is kept in a constantly raw and unstable state, nature has made it possible for a small population to maintain itself, in the sweat of its brow, by agriculture and the pasturing of small cattle.

Terraces, apparently the remains of glacial deposits, supplemented it may be by downpourings from the mountain sides, have been left here and there along the sides of the valleys of the main rivers, at a height usually of some hundreds of feet above their stony beds. Where water for irrigation can be obtained from side-ravines these tracts can be cultivated. Without irrigation no cultivation is possible. There are no rain-watered cereal crops and water cannot be raised from the main river. The surface of these terraces is not flat, but slopes down at every kind of angle from the hillsides till the terraces end in abrupt earth-cliffs descending to the river beds. As the ground has to be irrigated it also has to be more or less levelled, otherwise all the soil would soon be washed away. This is accomplished by constructing terraced fields, the lower edges of which are supported by revetting walls built up of the rounded stones available in the diluvium. This revetting is highly skilled work, and is beautifully carried out, and maintained in perfect repair by the Hunzukuts. The Nagirkuts seem on the whole to be less strenuous workers and less tidy-minded cultivators.

There remains the task of constructing channels to bring water from where it is available, often miles away. These channels are designed with precision and executed with great resource and ingenuity, often being carried on revetted or galleried aqueducts across cliff faces. Having made your land and brought your water, it still remains to elaborate a system of distributing the water among the various communities or individuals entitled to a share of it.

Pressure of population in recent years has led to constant endeavours to devise means of providing water supplies for tracts of waterless but cultivable land. Where land and water have been

3: Lorimer L-3 (1928-4; 1934-5) 1935 AV7 Burusho AV7

241 brought together, the following are the principal crops grown in Hunza and Nagir: wheat, barley, two or three kinds of millet, buckwheat, broad beans, peas and various pulses, lucerne (yielding two crops) for fodder. Maize and rice are not grown at these levels[1]. Lucerne is often grown on the sloping unterraced hillside where water is insufficient for crops. Fruit is also an important item of cultivation. The apricot is universal, and fresh and dry the fruit is a staple food. Besides its kernels are collected and eaten, or crushed for their oil. Apples, peaches, cherries, cherry-plums and grapes are also extensively grown, but do not appear to be dried, though apples and grapes are stored in straw for some months. Pears, pomegranates and walnuts are cultivated in places. The mulberry is eaten fresh and is also dried and preserved. Poplars and willows are grown for their timber, and in the lower tracts the chenar.

233 237 Agricultural crops and fruit would not however provide a complete subsistence. Goats, sheep and a small type of cow supply the necessary milk and fat products, particularly ghee, also hair for ropes and coarse cloth, wool for clothing, skins and hides for containing vessels, foot-wear and thongs. These cattle are kept in the villages during the cool and cold weather, when they are fed on such scanty natural grazing as is to be found, agricultural waste and dried leaves, and pay their way by providing milk and manure. During the hot months they are sent up in charge of herds to the few summer grazing-grounds (tĕr, pl. tĕrming; ter, termin), which exist in the higher 234 parts of some of the nullahs. There their milk is collected and converted into forms in which it will keep: ghee, dried buttermilk etc.

361 133 [1] I.e. from about 7000′ upwards. Chhalt, the lowest village in the country, stands at 6560′. Māyūn and Hindi are probably about 7000′ and Aliābād about 7500′. Baltit is 8000′ and Nagir 7550′. Misgār, the highest place at which the Burusho have been induced to live, is 10.158′. It is said that the Burusho women refuse to go where the apricot will not ripen, and there are few Burusho settled above 8000′. In Chupūrsan and Shimshāl the Wakhis are found up to about 11.000′, which is probably the extreme limit at which barley will grow in this region. In recent years a little maize has been grown in Māyūn, Murtazābād and Ganish.

3: Lorimer L-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1935 AV7 Burusho AV7

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Looking S. W. from the Nagir Polo Ground.
Terraced fields and apricot trees in blossom above.

End Plate 10

No. XXXVIII.

Gɪn'ani.ɛ Dast'ur.

Yərum zaman'atsum dastur bila Sərat'ane turmatsindi.ulo dɛn gəi'ə·rum di·mi kɛ Gɪnani mai.i bi. dɛn čay'urum di·mi kɛ a·ltərulo Gɪnani ɛč'a·n.

Hər i.ɛ pfal nuka halɛ iw'at manimi kɛ ho Thamɛ wazir kɛ ak'abɪrtiŋɛ kɛ doγ'arušai, ax'on sa·'atər 'ebərɛbai.i: "Amit guntse Gɪnani 'ɛčan kɛ" nusɛn. Axone kɪta·pulo nup'ərɛn gunts muqarar ɛč'ai.i.

Ho Gɪn'ani.ər alta·ŋuts duw'a·sumər usta·dtiŋ dutsun Thame hiŋtse gɪnani.ɛ hərip 'o·γərča·n (*or*, očan). T'orimi baja xa n'eγər ustatiŋ ničə·n.

Altul duw'a·sumər Čərbu.ɛ qau.n ɛčai: "Wa ful'ana guntse Gɪnani š'i.as bi. Matanum terminər nama·n bur'us ditsu.in," nusɛn. G'onšɛrɛ g'on manɪš xa usta·tiŋ hərip ɛč'an, bɛsɛ kɛ: "Gəribtiŋ b'a·man uy'o·n d'oyɛlin xuš umanŋan" nusɛn.

Da Gɪna·ni 'e·šiš xa həri ipfupəras ap'i. Jotphat kɛ kana.o

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2 *Gɪnani* — It is held later in *Gujha·l*, the Upper Hunza valley. The term *Gɪnani* seems to apply originally to the small quantity of barley which is torn up and brought into the house, see line 8, page 328, and to the grain of it which is eaten, see line 11 page 328, and then generally to the festival associated with this sampling of the crops.

4 *pfal nuka* — *pfal ganas* seems to be the idiom for "coming into grain, developing grain".

halɛ iwat — appears to be literally "fox's body" (*-*waf*). It was explained that the term is used to describe corn when the ears have turned yellowish or reddish i. e. the colour of a fox's fur.

5 *ak'abɪrtiŋɛ kɛ doγarušai.i* — *kɛ* was here substituted for the original *ka* ('with').

4: Lorimer L-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1935 AV7 Burusho AV7

No. XXXVIII.

The Gināni Custom.

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It is the custom from ancient times that the Gināni be held on the fifteenth of Seratān if the year turns out hot, but if the year is cold they celebrate the Gināni on the twentieth.

When the barley has formed grain and the ears have turned yellow, the Tham, after consulting the Wazir and Elders, makes the Akhond look for a favourable time, saying: "Which day should we hold the Gināni?" The Akhond looks in his book and fixes a day.

Then when eight days remain to the Gināni they bring the musicians and make them play the Gināni tune at the Tham's door. The musicians play till ten o'clock and then go away.

When two days remain the Cherbu calls out: "Ho, on such and such a day the Gināni is to be eaten. Go to the distant grazing-grounds and fetch in the *burūs*. All night till daybreak the musicians play music so that all the poor people may hear and rejoice.

Then, until the eating of the Gināni, rubbing the barley between

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Perhaps the narrator had originally had some other verb in view, as *doγarusas* is not elsewhere accompanied either by the general oblique or by the post-position *ku*.

12 *Grnani ɨi.as bi* — *bi* agreeing with *grnani* v. § 401.

13 *bəsə kɨ . . . nosen* — the grammar is rather confused. The meaning is: "in order that the poor people may be happy", but actually *bəsə kɨ* 'because' appears to introduce *nosen* "because they say (lit. 'saying') 'let the poor people be happy!'"

bəmaɨn — a chance variant for *bamaɨn*.

15 *eɣiɨ xu* — negative *a* + *i* + °*-ɨiɨ*.

4: Lorimer L-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1935 AV7 Burusho AV7

the hands is not permitted; and they warn the small children, saying: "If you rub the barley the Tham will cut out your tongues for you," and frighten them. 539A 527 241

Then when it is time to bring in the Ginâni, they play the Ginâni tune in the morning on the balcony of the Tham's palace. First they go from the Tham's palace to bring in the Ginâni. Then when they have brought the Tham's Ginâni from the fields it is the custom next for all to go away and bring in their own.

They go the fields and say "Bismillah" and pray to the Dĕhkân Pîr and then they tear up a little barley by the roots and bring it home. Bringing it to the house they tie a little of the barley to the main pillar and a little they roast at the fire and rub it between their hands. Then they bring buttermilk in a bowl and three times in a spoon(ful of it) one of them puts 3 or 7 grains of the barley for the principal person of the house, and he laps it up. And in like manner all the people of the house in turn handsel the Ginâni grain. [776]

Then the next day they hold the Ginâni sports. In the morning they play polo at Bâltît. After playing polo the Tham and the Elders come to the Tham's upper outside garden to make the people give a display. After they have arrived there they bring bread and *burūs* for the Tham from the houses of the Hunza Elders. The Tham sits down on a seat in the place of assembly and the Wazir and Elders sit down in their respective places and then they eat the bread. When they have eaten, the people assemble for an entertainment at the outside dancing-place, and the Tham and Elders come out and make them dance. First the Tham makes

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then given to the senior person in the house who laps it up. This procedure is gone through three times. The word is more correctly *kapon*, but when the accent as here is on the first syllable the quality of the second vowel is not clear.

14 *basior* — called the *Šim'al Bay*.

15 *boruṣ* — here and in l. 9, p. 330 written *boruś*, owing no doubt to the influence of the *ś* of *šapik*.

16 *ku* — for *ku*.

4: Lorimer L-3 (1930-4; 1934-8) 1936 AV7 Burusho AV7

one of the Ternkuts dance and then they make the *Trung/as* and Elders dance in turn. 539/1 527 241

The women and children deck themselves out to come to the display. And the men used to come, after they had produced mulberry spirits and drunk and become intoxicated. This year and last year by the order of the Agha Khan, (the Thum) has made them abstain from drinking wine and spirits. Then they dance till midday.

When midday has come the Thum leaves the place of assembly and (goes and) lies down. After lying down for a little he gets up and they go off to Altit in the evening to play polo. The people of Altit also bring bread and *burüs*, and when they have eaten they play polo and then go off to their homes.

Two days after holding the Ginâni they celebrate the Piakmer. Then they cut the wheat and barley and prepare threshing floors and stack the harvest.

Kʏʀᴀmo Dərbeʏ in Diramitiŋ territory, v. Text No. XIV.. 776 782

See my article in JRAS of July 1929, pp. 807—36. [113]

Saha·la Bo·in & *Ha·lasa Bo·in* names of two Bo·in's in whose names oaths were taken. 250.9. *ilsir bo·yo se.ibam* they called them "*bo·yo*". 214.5. *sirs· i·ts· u.i·liki ham* people used to worship, or placate, them. 214.4. *bo·yo u.i·likimas*, (pl. *u.i·likimaso*), a bo·yo-worshipper, a heathen, (cp, *boi.indurgas*).

bokal y pl. seed-grain (of cereals). — *guki bokals gur bitsaŋ* this is wheat seed-grain. 000

bo·mo y pl. seed (of corn). (The *-mo* is only an expletive, conveying at most a sense of multiplicity and indefiniteness). — *da bo·mo da u·lji yə·rər gur hə·ri n'o·usin* putting aside wheat and barley for seed and funeral rites. 382.11.

bo·nis a round lump of dough (2 or 3 inches or more in diameter for making cake of bread from). — *han bo·nisans tha ho·lər daudo 'se.am* I (can) make "daudo" for 100 troops with one lump of dough. 176.28.

bo·no, -mots x plait of hair rolled up and knotted into a ball at the end. 302

The Hunza women wear their hair in two such plaits one at each side of the head. Formerly the men also wore their hair long and dressed it in *bono's* or twisted in spirals.

A N. y pl. form "*bo·nis*" was recorded. (Cp. Sh. *bo·no*).

bopfan "seed-scattering". — *bopfan stas* to perform the ceremony of initiating the seed-sowing in the Spring. V. Text No. XIII. 241

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From further very brief notes it appears that the field is first manured in preparation, and the ceremony consists in the Mir's throwing up some barley seed mixed with gold dust, after which he makes some display of ploughing the land.

The plough is then taken in succession by the Mir's son and by the Wazir. V. 208 and 212.22.

(*bo* + *pʃau* q.v. Cp. Sh. *bipʃau thoːrki*. The Turki equivalent is said to be "*ɗaɣaw*").

enough, sufficient; plentiful, cheap. — *boɛ biːɛn, bilaɛn, maiːimi, maɛnimi.* (Cp. Sh. *boɛ*. Pre. *bast*)

boːt y clear sky IUB *asmaːn ka ɸaːʃ hoːna.* — *boːt ni bila, nimi* it has cleared up, it cleared up. *boːt bila* the sky is clear. *boːt ɛrimi* he made the sky clear up. 160.8.

boɣaɛ, boːɛ- to alight (of birds), perch. — *mərtʼɛɳaʃe ya kayulo sinda iːlta boːtiːɛ* (the birds) alight (perch?) on the earth-cliff or strand at the edge of the river. 206.14. 3rd sg. Pret. *boːmi.*

boːyo v. *boːin.*

boiːinduːrgaɛ, boːinduːrgaɛ, x pl. ancestral spirits, spirits (of the virtuous dead), H. *ruwaːḥ, burzurgaːn, ruːḥaːniːaːt.* — *boiːinduːrgaɛ rɪɛa umaiːimiːɛ* the spirits will approve, be pleased. *boiːinduːrgaɛ naːrʼɪɛa aɣʼoː* don't displease the spirits. (Cp. *boːin* and *durgaɛuːʃo*).

brɑːˈ brɑːˈ staɛ N. to bleat (of sheep). (Cp. Sh. *brɑːˈ thoːrki;* Kho. *braːɣ*, bleating).

oːrɑk, -ɑnte x crease, wrinkle. — *ʃaʃiːɛ brɑkante* wrinkles on the forehead. (Cp. Sh. *brɑk*).

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000 *pfurik'a* morsel tasted by the cook (QUB the host) before food is eaten by the Mir. (The morsel is selected by the Mir. The custom is said to be still kept up as a form).

purikus perfect. — *purikus bai.i* he is perfect. (Cp. Sh. *purko* || *puro*).

p'orme beforehand, before the time. — *pfor Biruspalor ginami bila; purme* nikk *hasar gaiuq* ederu the "ginami" is on Thursday week. They make clothes for themselves beforehand.

pfortikr brave, valiant.

pfuru, phuru sg. & pl., d.pl. *-infa* x reeds, rushes. — *pfuruu bul* Proper name: "Reed Spring". 292.12.

(Sh. *ufur a. phuru*, reeds)

pfur urkus, pl. *pfurukuyants* x article made of bark for holding wool when cleaning and spinning it.

241 *pfuruq -ilo* x a plot of ground prepared for cultivation. A field is divided into a number of long narrow smooth-surfaced plots separated by earth ridges. This is to facilitate irrigation and economise water. Above Chalt the ground is not left with furrows.

(Cp. Sh. *pfurtuj, pruqr*, field prepared in flat plots not furrows).

000 1. °*-pf us.is*, °*-ph us.is*; °*-pf ni-*, °*-ph ni-*, °*-f ni-*.

2. *pusuu*. Pret. 1st. sg. *pusu-m*, Impv. *pus i*, Ppa. *sup us in*).

3. *pusury.is, pusuré*. Pret. 1st. sg. *pusury.im*. 3rd. sg. m. *pusu-mi*, Impv. 2nd. sg. *pusu*, pl. *pusuria*, St.pc. *pusu-m*.

4. *puš aiy.is, puš.ié*, Impv. *puša*.

To tie a load, horse, man, to bind. °*-pf us.is* is used when the obj. is h or x.

pusuu and *pusury.is* are used when the obj. is *y* sg. or pl.

492 wishes of his parent or family. Cp. Engl. "to kick over the traces").

(Cp. Sh. *ɜamiɣɜ* (pl.) with the same meaning, and Kho. *ɜaʍaɾɣuʍaʍ*, the strap connecting ends of yoke-pins under neck of ox).

● 241 *ɜandi -miq* y cut crops lying on the ground. They are spread out to dry for a couple of days and then collected by women who gather them up in double armfuls (*bayu*).

∞∞ *ɜanʃ'or, ɜanʃew, -ɾko* squinting, squint-eyed. — *ɜanʃewan bai.i* he is a squint-eyed fellow.

1. *ɜaŋ* awake, aware. — *ɜaŋ baiyam* I was awake. Cp. 264.24. *bɛ, je ɜaŋ bɑ, ju* no, I am awake, come in. *je ɜaŋ amanam* I woke up. *ɜaŋ imanimi* he woke up. 260.15. *sis ɜaŋ umanuman* people became aware of it; came to know of it. *mw mumi ke ɜaŋ aiyotom* without informing her father and mother. 244.14. *ɜaŋ guman* wake up! look out! take care; EOL.

(Cp. Sh. *ɜoŋ, ɜoŋ*, and *ɜ'aŋ*).

? *ɜaŋ* care, heed, attention. — *ɜaŋ ne, ɜaŋ netan* carefully. *ɜaŋ ne* (or, *netan*) *tsu* take it away carefully. *ɜaŋ ne ov* keep it carefully, put it away safely. *gućor ečor ɜaŋ eti, yar ne boreyor ɜaŋ eti* beware of using your voice, beware of looking down, i.e. take care not to make a noise etc. 50.25. *tervuman muto ɜaŋ menɔ ciyečam* nowadays people do not pay so much heed (to it). 220.9. *guk'ayor ɜaŋ eti, mak'ayor ɜaŋ etin* take care of yourself, take care of yourselves. EOL.

(This is probably the same word as 1. *ɜaŋ*).

322 a

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that the old palace is up at least another 500 or 600 feet. It was perched precariously on a huge outcropping of rock that jutted straight up into the air and the entire surface of the pinnacle was used for the building. There was no superfluous area surrounding it.

I had a long list of questions prepared and I knew even before I started that Sultan Ali could not give me all the answers because many of the questions were strictly horticultural—others dealt with dietary principles. I wanted to talk to farmers and individual people and housewives on both of these subjects.

I asked if he could arrange to take me to a group of farmers or even an individual farmer . . . . that is, farmers who were capable and efficient—the better, the more intelligent and prosperous ones . . . so that I might delve into their ways and means of field husbandry.

He nodded, "This will be done. When would you like to talk to them?"

"Tomorrow morning, if it can be done," I replied.

"That's fine. I will arrange it!"

Wherever it was possible, I wanted to get my information direct from the people concerned. There is actually only one class of people in Hunza and one occupation, which is farming. I only know of one shop in the area and it sells mostly goods that have been brought in by the Chinese caravans that have passed through. I don't doubt also that there were some goods in this same shop that came into Hunza via Rawalpindi and Gilgit.

However, it was plain and clear that 900 of the citizens of Hunza out of 1000 made their living by means of farming. Therefore, as I had come to Hunza primarily to study the farming and horticultural methods of the people, the preparation of the foods they ate,

000 needed animals in the world.

231 It is clearly and distinctly established that Tibet, for example, could never exist and people could never live in that part of the world if it weren't for the yaks and yaks are native only to that part of the world —yes, wild ones, I mean. That's where they were originally found and tamed. They still roam wild on some of the higher inaccessible elevations and plateaus in that part of the globe.

No one will attempt to deny that our cow is a most useful and practically essential animal. It gives milk from which we make butter, cheese and cream. We use the carcass for meat and the hide for shoes, baseballs and many other articles but, to the best of my knowledge and belief, the cow as it is today actually couldn't look after herself in the northern latitudes and pasture food must be provided.

[492] Well, the yak does everything a cow does. Besides that, it is one of the finest beasts of burden. Then, too, it is the surest-footed animal to be found anywhere. It can, and often does, forage for its own food. It can live off practically nothing. It is suspected that it can find sustenance in a bit of grass or roots or even a bit of coarse, uninviting (to any other animal) herbage.

[492] [241] Like our cow, it takes to domestication readily. Both the Tibetans and the Hunzans use them to work their fields and flail their wheat, barley and other grains.

231 237 [283] From the wool on its back, belly and head comes the toughest of woven fabrics, from which is made the sturdiest of clothes for the people and tents for their homes. Wherever you see rope in Hunza, you can be sure that it was made from braided or woven yak hair.

[291] [415] [501] The hide is used for most everything . . . boots and shoes, of course, and water containers and skin boats, which are the means and mode of transportation across and up and down the dangerous rivers

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712 wedged together to form a formidable protection against invaders of their day.

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•241
643 'Tis for the Festival of the Bopfau, which is the Burushaski name given to the barley-seed-sowing festival, that the Mir comes dressed in all his regal finery and robes of state to practice a ritual that has been carried on for hundreds of years by the Mirs of Hunza.

[173] It would appear this ceremony is a carry-over from that performed by the ancient Greeks and the people of Hunza like to emphasize this, as though forging another link in the chain of evidence that would tie them in as descendants of Alexander the Great.

[292] On this occasion the Mir wears a magnificent gown with a wide belt fastened around his waist, in harmony with the gold brocade that bedecks the gown. At his side he carries the ceremonial sword in a carved ivory scabbard. He makes a most imposing, handsome figure with his head crowned with a clerical cap with flowing egret feathers held in place by a large golden pin. The Mir's brother, Ayesh, and the Mir's eldest son, the heir apparent, come similarly attired.

With an assembled crowd watching, the Mir drives a plough pulled by two oxen or a yak down and back along the field and into this furrow he sprinkles seed mixed with gold dust. The ceremony is repeated three times and then the Mir throws handfuls of the seed [789] into the air. Fable has it that if anyone catches a grain of seed and takes it home and mixes it with his own seed, he will be assured of a fine harvest.

The seed-sowing ceremony is not only performed at Altit but in two other Hunzan villages so that the Hunzan farmers can come and catch a seed to insure themselves of plenty for the following year. By doing it in three different locations, it means that no Hunzan farmer will have to walk more than a few miles to partake of the Mir's blessings.

131 Hunza is a country that lies along the Hunza River from Secunderabad to the Chinese border, a distance of somewhere around 200 miles, but no one has ever actually measured it. At the narrowest point it is less than half a mile wide. At its broadest, it is not quite [133] two miles. Usually the only piece of flat land in a village [134] is the polo field. Good, rich, deep soil as Westerners know it is absolutely unknown in Hunza.

311 Whenever a house is built here, they seldom ever use [361] a piece of fertile soil or soil of any kind. They usually erect it on rock or on a steep hillside where that piece of land could not have been used for agriculture anyway.

[241] Practically every bit of farm land is terraced. It can be said, it is actually cut out of the rocks of the mountainside which is the north bank of the Hunza River.

[134] Of the total length of 200 miles, only a small fraction is at all arable. Most of it is solid rock or terrain so steep that horticulture of any nature is impossible.

312 Rainfall is scanty. They cannot depend upon it at all [132] for crops. In order to get sufficient water, hand built and similarly maintained conduits bring water down [241] from glaciers. These conduits are carefully erected and trained to run alongside the villages where the water can be trapped to flow where desired and used to irrigate their lands, also for drinking and all other necessary purposes.

There are four main conduits in Hunza and they are as follows:

Murku—This is at the highest level of all the aqueducts and carries the most water.

Barbar—Supplies the Baltit-Altit area.

Dala—This is the longest—extends as far as Aliabad. Supplies Kerimabad.

Hamachi—The smallest which runs as far as the tiny village Ganesh, located on a cliff's edge.

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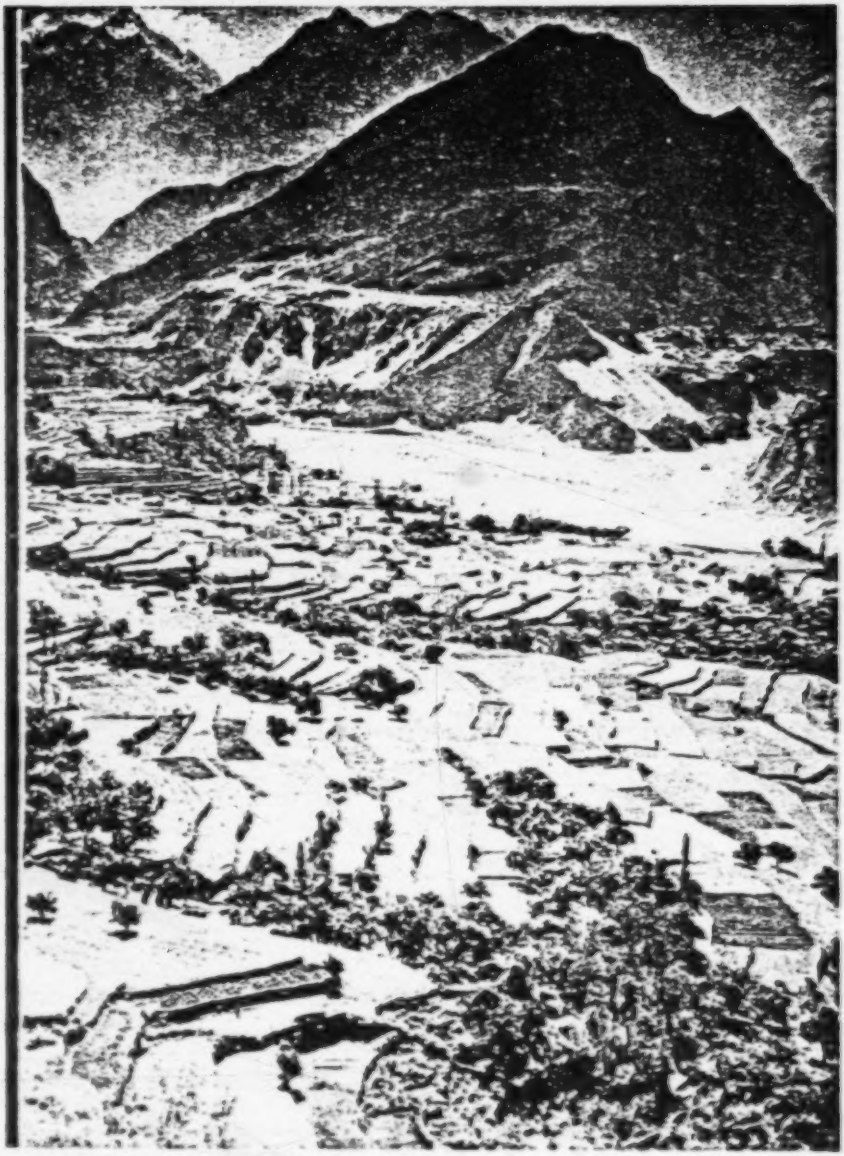

The largest area of land suitable for farming in Hunza—located near Baltit.

[facing p. 326-
A]

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Hunzan fields are small, and are worked with hand tools.

[p.326-B1]

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[p. 326-B2]

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CHAPTER 47

Hunza Agriculture -- "Use and Return"

IN A COUNTRY like Hunza where land is so scarce and therefore precious, it behooves the man who tills the soil to get everything he can out of it and, what is even more important, to put back everything humanly possible so that he will be able to maintain it indefinitely, in a high state of health and fertility.

The people who farm that land realize full well that their health, their well-being and their very lives depend entirely upon the crops that are produced. In order to maintain the soil in good health and tilth, nothing can be wasted.

Where irrigation is used, the leaching of soil nutrients can and often does become a serious problem. For example, at Gilgit when I was visiting the P.A.'s garden, he informed me that he was having trouble growing certain crops, which were infested with insects. Now this is not in Hunza, but in Gilgit.

241 After close examination of the various factors, as well as the slope of the soil and the supply of water, I reached the conclusion that the trouble he was having was positively caused by the overflowing water—too often and too much. Whoever it was who was irrigating his garden allowed too much water to come down the trenches and when it overflowed, it took with it many of the water-soluble nutrients from the soil.

Therefore, wherever overflows or runoffs are allowed on terraced and irrigated soils, there will be a positive leaching of the nutrients, which will end in imbalance and cause crop difficulties and bring on insects and diseases.

In Hunza, each farmer applies his water personally and when sufficient water is put onto his fields and crops the flow is immediately stopped. In Gilgit, the P.A.'s gardener didn't worry if there was any runoff. In the first place, the land wasn't his own. Secondly, he had a large area to look after and probably couldn't give it as close attention as it required. But with the Hunza farmer it was entirely different. He had only a small amount of land ranging from ¼ of an acre to 5 acres, sometimes made up of 3 or 4 pieces—some as small as 1/10 of an acre each. Therefore he could afford to watch every inch of it with care, affection and understanding, and I'm sure the Hunzans learned long ago that the overflow could in subsequent years bring disease, crop failure and destruction.

As I walked among the farms in Hunza, I specifically looked for the overflowing of irrigated terraced lands, but I did not in one case see this happen . . . which led me to believe that the Hunzan farmers have learned that principle well.

Along the trail, whenever I came in sight of the irrigated patches that indicated the cultivated farm-

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land of the area, I tried to figure out exactly what the different crops were. In my travels throughout other parts of the world—for example, in Europe—I would be hard pressed to pick out the different crops that were being grown in the fields by their color, their height and the way they bent or leaned with the breezes that blew. But all along the trail leading to Baltit, on both the Nagir and Hunza sides, this problem was not as great, nor did it cause me as much difficulty for identification purposes, because the majority of crops growing was wheat. 241

I kept looking for rice paddies, because I definitely had the feeling that throughout this part of the world a lot of rice would be grown. And while I found a lot of rice being grown in Pakistan, Afghanistan and India, in Hunza and Nagir rice in the fields or paddies was distinctly conspicuous by its absence. I did find a field here and there, but they were definitely few and far between.

Students and those interested in organic agriculture have looked upon Hunza for many years now as the last stronghold of nature's way. Because of the importance attached by many people to conditions in Hunza, I tried to make my study as careful as possible. As yet there is no sign whatsoever of chemical fertilizers being used.

Because of the terraces built one upon the other, Hunza farming has been termed "staircase farming" and this staircase farming has some, if not many, advantages. First, it effects good drainage. Second, it gives a deeper penetration of air into the soil. This soil aeration is considered beneficial to soil microorganisms and it promotes rapid growth, and enables the bacteria and the roots of plants to derive much benefit from the elements contained in the air, which can be combined with those in the soil.

The glacial waters definitely do contain a variety of

241 minerals and by allowing these glacial streams to be spread over the soil, the nutrients are left in the soil as the water soaks into it.

The principle of returning to the land that which belongs to the land has been and is, at the present time, scrupulously followed. The only farm implement which [407] [492] I could find on the Hunzan farms was the primitive plow and invariably it was pulled by a bullock. The plowing is never deep and is practiced chiefly to sort of clean the field, cover the organic matter that has been spread upon it or left upon it and prepare the field for the next crop.

[464] All the work that has to be done is done by hand—with or without the assistance of domesticated farm animals. There is no substitute for manual labor and the men, women and even young children share in the farm work.

[137] From what I could observe, weeds were not a problem and the reasons are clear. There are few indigenous, native plants in the area. Practically all of the growing plants that I could spy were in cultivated areas. The maxim in Hunza evidently is if a place can grow weeds, then it should be cultivated and usually that principle is followed. This all adds up to the fact that there are few weed seeds distributed in the area and therefore they are not in the soil to spring up, whenever the farmer's back is turned.

[134] I want to stress once more that the mineral requirements of the fields of the Hunza farmer are met and replenished by the fine silt, ground by the glaciers from the rocky surfaces and carried down to the Hunza farmers by the conduits and spread on their land.

Our modern civilization attaches great importance to and stresses the value of flavor and appearance in

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the commodities that they eat. If that is the criterion, then I am forced to admit openly that the fruits, vegetables and cereal grains of Hunza do not compare with those of the West.

Contrary to what any writer, expert or visitor to Hunza has stated, in my opinion and belief, Hunzan fruit, vegetables and grains are not superior to those of the West. From the strict viewpoint of taste, size and appearance the American fruits, vegetables and grains are far better than those grown in Hunza. In this matter I must humbly yet fairly state, that the American standards and qualities in fruits make the similar varieties of fruits of other countries seem poor, puny and second rate by comparison.

Hunza need not feel too badly because of this as millions of dollars are spent annually in America by a hundred or more experimental farms of vast acreages, breeding fruits, nuts, vegetables, forage crops and grains. If some of these newer varieties of fruits or vegetables and grains were grown on Hunzan soils and under Hunzan conditions, I might have a different story to tell.

Let me cite an example. In America, in order to find a better strain of strawberries, millions—and I repeat, millions—of seedlings have been planted. These plants have been carefully tended and watched. Then a selection of a mere handful from all of these for further testing was made. From these results a few new varieties which have shown an excellence of habit of growth, vitality, good foliage, ease of propagation, resistance to various diseases, flavor and color of fruit, good bearing qualities and other important factors were selected and disseminated throughout the country. No one in his right mind would expect tiny Hunza to follow such a procedure. In fact, only in the United

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States would such an undertaking be possible.

It is difficult to make comparisons flavorwise because there are many varieties of each and every fruit and vegetable. We have all eaten peaches that were filled with juice and flavor and others that were flavorless and mealy. We have all eaten carrots that were sweet and crisp and we've also had them where they had no flavor and tasted like dried wood or were bitter. Two different kinds of carrots grown on the same soil can have an entirely different flavor. This could be applied to beets, peas or any other garden crop. The fault therein does not always lie in the soil, but in the inherent characteristics of the variety itself. Therefore the superiority of the flavor of the fruit in most cases lies in the variety, rather than in the soil in which they were grown. Sometimes time of harvest is a factor, too.

While I would very much like to say that the natural organically grown Hunzan fruits and vegetables and grains were much superior in flavor to those grown in the West where chemical fertilizers are used, I am afraid that I cannot honestly make that statement.

But I suggest that the thoroughly inbred organically minded individual take heart. If the people of Hunza had soil that even remotely resembled our best near virgin soils in tilth, humus content and expanse, along with the newer and better strains of fruits, vegetables and grains, I am sure they would have the best flavored, best tasting and best quality food crops in all creation.

I know for an absolute fact that there are many farmers—hundreds and probably thousands of them in both Canada and the United States—who do not use chemical fertilizers. Perhaps it is my good fortune to eat most of my grain, fruits and vegetables from such farms and in truth, I strive in every instance to procure organically grown fruits, vegetables and grain. Further,

on my own farm we definitely and positively use neither chemical fertilizers nor sprays. 241

You can understand in Hunza that tastewise there is no interference or problem from chemical fertilizers and sprays.

I believe that the myth about the flavor and succulence of the Hunzan apricots came about because visitors ate the apricots ripe and freshly picked from the trees, whereas at home the apricots they ate were picked from the trees days before, because they had to be shipped long distances, and therein lay the difference in flavor. [114]

In January, 1959, I sent the Mir of Hunza good sized packages of the different kinds of hardy wheat that were created by the experimental farms of the Dominion of Canada. It was special seed, tested for hardiness in the colder areas and of such quality that would produce a fine loaf of bread. 123 241 177

I also sent the best strains of carrots, cabbages, Brussels sprouts, lettuce, beets and other vegetables. But when I was dining with the Mir and asked him about the results with the seeds, he admitted that the only seed they had got planted that year was the lettuce, which was being enjoyed at the Mir's table. He said that he would try the rest of them the following year.

It is understandable that the Western world would have better varieties of fruits, vegetables and grains, because here we spend millions and millions of dollars on hybridizing, trials, selections and improving the various strains . . . so we should get some results from our efforts . . . and we do! Therefore, without question, the Hunzans could profit by using Western strains of grains, vegetables and fruits. This is one aspect of modern civilization that could help them greatly.

The apricots that I saw, tasted and ate were not the

123 huge fine quality products that I was told they were. I admit here further that I was in Hunza in July and the later, perhaps the better, varieties were not available or ripe yet. But upon questioning the various people, there was no information given to me that indicated the later maturing kinds were superior to the earlier ones.

So as in vegetables and grains, their fruit could be greatly improved by adopting some of the Western varieties. This could easily be done by having budwood sent to them and they in turn would graft this budwood onto their young stock.

I have made arrangements with the Mir of Hunza and the P.A. at Gilgit to supply them with this required grafting wood at the proper time, and it will be duly sent to them, so that in the future they may have some of the benefit of the West's hybridization and research program. I took along with me a few of the best budding knives that I could procure and I left two with the P.A. at Gilgit and the others with the Mir of Hunza and I explained their use.

245 In talking with the Mir about the planting of new varieties and improved strains, he claimed that his people did graft and seek new varieties and strains, but from the little time I had to inspect things, I did not see any young trees or any great number of grafts that would indicate this being a widely practiced policy. I found nothing resembling a nursery in Hunza or Nagir, but there was a small, unimpressive nursery run by the Pakistani government in Gilgit. Maybe this is the forerunner of bigger and better things to come.

241 There appears to be no central source of seed supply in Hunza. It seems that each farmer saves seeds for next year's crops or barters with his neighbor. In some [643] years, when, because of any one of many conditions

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that may exist or be created in an agricultural community, no seed is available, the Mir has been known to procure supplies from neighboring states and supply his people with sufficient planting stock. 241 643

While through the entire East cow dung and yak dung are used for fuel, in Hunza this is positively not true. The Hunzans are too intelligent to use the mainstay of their lives for fuel. Once it is burned it is gone; but if it is put back into the land, it is there to produce crops for another year. They show their intelligence, if proof of their intelligence is needed, by this one sound principle of self-survival in their means of agriculture. 241 372

However, in the more northerly sections of Hunza, closer to the Chinese border, they do use yak dung for fires because of the almost total lack of wood or other types of fuel. They just have to keep themselves warm during the winter.

Here is a list of the vegetables grown in Hunza—potatoes, turnips, carrots, beans, peas, lettuce, pumpkins, tomatoes, melons, watermelons, radishes, onions, cabbage, spinach, cauliflower. 244

In fruits there are mulberries, apricots, apples, pears, peaches, grapes, walnuts, almonds, a few plums and some cherries. 245

Grapes are grown fairly extensively because they can plant them against most any wall, as long as they have a bit of soil in which to gain a foothold for their roots. From these grapes they make their Hunzan wine. [273]

They grow a few strawberries, but I could find no currants, gooseberries, raspberries—nor did they know what raspberries were.

The grains grown in Hunza, starting from the most important, are wheat, barley, rye, millet, buckwheat and a small quantity of rice. Some alfalfa is grown as a forage crop. 243 246

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Then wherein lies the difference? What happened through the years to create the obvious difference that everyone sees and feels the minute he comes into the territory? I am not an anthropologist, nor have I training in any scientific field. Therefore, I am quite unprepared to speak with any degree of authority, but I am told the difference is that the people of Nagir accepted or welcomed strangers and settlers from other parts of the area and thus, they became a polyglot group of mixed blood, habits, customs, religions and thought, whereas the Hunzan people, then and today, discourage outsiders from coming to live among them in their country. Then, too, I guess another important factor looms and that is that Hunza is not nearly as inviting from an economic viewpoint to a man coming from another part of the world to settle, whereas Nagir does offer many more advantages.

For me to assert that there are no mixed bloods in Hunza would be an untruth, because even in my travels about the towns and along the road, I saw distinct types that were not of the run-of-the-mill Hunzans. Some were distinctly Chinese and I am also reasonably sure that there is a fair amount of Afghan blood among the Hunzans, besides Russian—for, as you may recall, Russia is but a scant 14 miles away.

It is not my intention to try to build up a case for true-bloods as being the Hunzan heritage, for history clearly indicates that it is among the people of mixed bloods where the greatest advances are made in science, industry and the creative human arts.

In Hunza there are very few plains or expanses where farming on a large scale could be practiced. However in Nagir it is quite different. There were sections through which we passed that were wider than the eye could reach, covered with good soil that was carrying

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Hunza
Nagir

184 a good crop of various kinds of grains, forage, vege-
•241 table crops and fruits. In Hunza this just doesn't occur.
311 The terrain is steeper, more precipitous, more difficult and seldom if ever does a flat open area come within the limits of normal vision.

[133] Then, too, Nagir has many more nullahs formed by the melting glaciers. Rakaposhi is located in Nagir and surrounding it are many snowfields and glaciers which are used, trained and harnessed to irrigate their country.

Indubitably, the fates and nature have been much kinder to Nagir than they have to Hunza.

438 Let me also tell you frankly that on many occasions the people of Hunza purchase or barter various types
[437] of food from Nagir. I asked the ways and means that were used in effecting these deals and found that in most cases money—earned by the Hunzans in service in the army, portering for expeditions and given to them as gifts—was the means.

184 One might gather from what I have said and even
[628] from talking to various people or natives of the area, that the Nagirwals and the Hunzans are deadly enemies. But that is not true. The people of Hunza
[186] think themselves much better than the people of Nagir. They do believe that they are handsomer, healthier, cleaner and are better husbandmen, but yet there does not appear to be any cases of conflict, physical or armed, between the two peoples.

123 I recall a little incident that may be of some interest. We rounded a spot—I guess it was 10 or so miles from Minapin—on the way up to Baltit and there we saw a decrepit, ragged looking Nagirwal. In his hands he
[231] held a pair of chickens. They were the typical chickens of the area—full grown but the size that our chickens are when they're half grown. He waved them in front of us as though indicating they were for sale or could be

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Both the irrigation water which they use on their fields and their drinking water come from the Ultar Glacier. Therefore, their entire water supply is glacial. 312

Their entire economy is dependent upon their agriculture and everything that is taken from the soil is religiously returned to the soil. Chemical fertilizers or chemical sprays of any type are unknown to the people. It may be possible that the Mir has used sprays in his palace grounds. He might have brought them with him from his visits abroad, but I saw none and, to the best of my knowledge and belief, none are used. I saw no insect infestation of any kind or type through my entire travels and investigations. In Gilgit I did see insect injury in a garden and it was apparent to me that the soil of Hunza was in balance and therefore it produced food that was balanced. Therefore, it is understandable, the people of Hunza are healthy! 241 [433]

The food of the people of Hunza is in the main, raw food. It is neither dissected nor desiccated, but is eaten in the whole. The only exception that I could find to this rule was in their milk. When they made butter, they drank the remains or the buttermilk. Of course, in due time, they ate the butter. 262

All children born in Hunza are breast fed for at least two years. Male children are often breast fed until they are 3 years old. 853

I do not intend to stress any one factor of the points mentioned above. I am submitting them to you for your consideration and study. 000

It is, however, my belief that their soil and location does not lend itself to mechanization and therefore their good health should continue. If they could mechanize, then they would not get the needed beneficial exercise which, as you can gather, is one of the important contributors to their good health and longevity. 241 164

000 in the process of creating health and long life in Hunza!"

Here I have summarized my conclusions, which I believe account for the superior health, the unbounded energy and the long life of the Hunzans. Call it a set of rules if you like. I prefer to believe that it is the common sense way of life adopted by an intelligent people.

262 (1) Their food consists chiefly of natural fruits, grains and vegetables. Meat is eaten only on festive and other rare occasions. While grains—that is, the whole grains—are stored, they are ground for use in baking and gruel, only as required.

241 (2) Their soil is maintained by natural cultural practices. That which is taken from the soil is returned to the soil—both vegetable and animal.

461 (3) Most of the people of Hunza, including women and children, work daily in the fields. There is no Sabbath or weekly rest day, although there are religious holidays and festive days. Therefore, they work seven days a week . . . and in most cases, from dawn until darkness falls. Therefore, practically all the inhabitants of Hunza do their share of physical work. There are few, if any, completely sedentary occupations in Hunza.

262 (4) Very little fat of any kind is consumed by the people. The fats that are used consist of ghee, butter, apricot oil and negligible quantities of animal fats.

[241] (5) Complete absence of foreign additives. Nothing whatsoever is added to either the soil or the food of the people or the animals.

263 (6) Natural, unrefined salt was used by the people up until a few years ago . . . and this was an important factor in maintaining their health.

241 (7) No sprays or spray materials of any kind are used on their crops, and no unnatural chemical fer-

7:Tobe C,T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

tilizers are used on their lands. 241

(8) All children in Hunza are breast fed. There is no specific prenatal care, and the good health of the mother is passed on to the infant . . . and the breast feeding gets the child off to a good start. 853 843

(9) All fruits and vegetables that are dried for storing have been exposed to the sun and air. No foreign substances are added or treatments used. 251

(10) Native herbs are used extensively . . . both as seasoning and as food. 262

(11) Glacial waters are the only waters used both for drinking and irrigation purposes. These glacial waters definitely contain many valuable minerals and nutrients, as revealed by laboratory tests. 312 146

(12) Apricot kernel oil is the most important source of fat. It is used in cooking as well as for salads. No solvents or extreme heat is used to extract the apricot oil. 262

(13) Natural whole grains are used broadly. There is no fragmentization in Hunza. While they do bake a bread, their chief form of bread is an unleavened type which they call chapatties. They are composed of whole ground grain made into a dough and rolled very thin. Then they are heated or baked slightly.

(14) Hunzans are light eaters. Their diet is comparatively meager.

There is no doubt that, if any human being were to follow the health rules of the people of Hunza, he could regain or maintain health. There is no magic formula connected with this set of rules. They are simple and to the point. In fact, they are so simple that most people will doubt their value. To these people I would say, "All of the great things in life—the important things and things of value—are invariably simple!" 000

In Hunza the following established Western health 744

7:Tobe C, T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

mentioned as being 100 miles long. 131

A few miles above the spot where the Hunza River meets the Gilgit is a village called Secunderabad. It is here that Hunza begins and if you follow the Hunza River up to its source beyond Misgar, almost on the Chinese border, where it springs from a glacier, you will find in following the contours of the river that the country is almost 200 miles long. I have carefully checked this figure with the best authorities—the Mir being one of them—and I found that the 200 mile figure was as close as it can possibly be measured. 133

They are Asians. Of course they are Asians because they dwell in Asia. But in appearance they are definitely unlike Asians. Without trying to sound dramatic or authoritative, the general appearance of the people of Hunza shows marked European characteristics. They are totally unlike the Indians, the Afghans or the Chinese. To me they looked like the Mediterranean peoples. At this stage I am not harping or relying on the fact that they claim to be descendants of Alexander the Great or some of his soldiers. 144

Primitive—Most writers refer to them as primitive people or say that their way of life is primitive. I will agree with the use of that term in describing the people of Hunza, if you will agree with me that the Christian world is primitive, because it too follows the teachings of the Bible which was written 3,000 or 4,000 years ago. *It is agreed that the people of Hunza follow a* primitive form of agriculture and use no chemical fertilizers or modern sprays and insecticides. But then, they don't need chemical insecticides and chemical fertilizers. They use no modern machinery on their small, hard won, shallow surfaced fields. Their conduits which guide the glacial waters to their fields are, I agree, primitive, but no better form is known anywhere. 105 105 241

164 into the "fine, barrel chests" reported
146 by travelers. (I found that when they took off their shirts the fine, barrel chests revealed strong asymmetry, with ribs notably warped by rickets.) During my first winter, I developed a typical case of beriberi, even though my diet was more varied than theirs and was adequate in quantity.

133 The basic trouble rests not with the
161 Hunzas, who are neat, intelligent, and
[09] hard-working, but with their country.
[36] There is no flat land to all of Hunza.
[31] Villages and farms are built on alluvial cones—fan-shaped masses of gravel dumped by streams rushing from mountain glaciers down into the valleys—and the small cultivated areas simply are not extensive enough to support the constantly increasing population. (The Mir estimated the population of his country at 25,000 in 1951. According to one of the last of the British agents stationed in nearby Gilgit, Hunza's population was increasing at the rate of 30 per cent each decade. Rising emigration and the absence of written records obscure the reality, as one might imagine.)

[67]
311 Hunza's slopes are so steep they
24 must be terraced by the laborious construction of hand-built retaining walls of boulders. I measured one cultivated slope of 60 degrees—so steep that the retaining walls were twice as high as the miniature plots they supported. And sometimes Hunza farmers will even create arable soil on top of bare rock. After a crescent-shaped wall at the foot of any fairly gentle rock slope is built high enough so the top of the wall is level with the top of the slope, the wall is carefully chinked and mud-caked, then ample water from the nearest irrigation ditch is admitted to make a small pond. When the mud settles out, the clear water is drained, and more muddy water is admitted. This process is repeated for about two years, until enough mud accumulates to allow cultivation.

134 Much of the "soil" of Hunza fields
311 is thus not really soil. Rather, it is a jumble of unweathered boulders, gravel, and sand. Since Hunza is a
[32] cool but exceedingly dry desert, pracCH
[13] tically no plant food is formed. The
most rain that falls soaks rapidly through the spongy sand, leaches out any trace of plant food that may be present, and carries it down to the river. Not even sagebrush will grow on the unirrigated areas, so most slopes are barren. Newly irrigated areas are

137 311 so sterile that Hunzas have told me, "If you irrigate new land, you must eat for five years somewhere else."

24 134 237 Hunzas are skilful at building a limited fertility into their sterile material, given enough time. All sheep manure is carefully saved, and the fields are fertilized with it four times during each growing season. Frequent irrigation works with summer warmth and mountain snow to decompose the manure rapidly. The growing plants thus have a few weeks of available food after each fertilization, before drainage again removes the plant food. Hunza farming is actually hydroponic gardening, with the soil functioning merely to anchor the plants.

Plainly, the plants will receive enough of only those foods that occur abundantly in sheep manure. Nitrates, phosphates, and probably calcium are deficient. Yields of wheat and alfalfa are notably lower per acre than are yields from better-fertilized American acres. Apricot trees generally have reddish leaves at the growing tips, a sure sign of soil deficiencies.

433 241 237 Even the most painstaking hydroponic gardening cannot compensate for deficiencies in the food chemistry. Moreover, their system makes Hunza one of the few countries where an agrarian economy is absolutely dependent upon the pastoral economy.

233 Even in the high mountain summer pastures, the sheep are carefully herded into small cotes in order to preserve each night's droppings. Every few days a man climbs down the steep trail with a load of manure on his back. Effectively, the fertility of the high mountain pastures is being transferred down to Hunza's fields.

403 161 167 Unfortunately, the human population has already grown so large that the fields cannot provide sufficient food. Hunzas are moving out of their country in rather large numbers. Although the exact total of annual emigrees is unknown, it is clear that most of them go to the lower villages near Gilgit, where they soon displace their less industrious Shouna predecessors. Hundreds of Hunza's young men join the Pakistan army. Others take work as servants, where their honesty, industry, and common sense make them highly valued. The Hunzas realize, as certain Western tourists do not, that their country is a land of little food, and even less opportunity for the future, picturesque as it is.

649 669 [173]

4: Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
Burusho AV7

for centuries persistent rivals, always at war with each other, but always ready to unite against a common invader, even when that invader had been called in by the one State in order to assist it in coercing the other.

The State of Hunza was the most important of the two, from the fact that its possession of the passes leading to the Pamirs, and to the valley of the Yarkand river, gave it the opportunity, in the picturesque Persian phrase, of "striking the road," and looting the caravans on their way between Turkestan and India. The rulers of Hunza availed themselves of this commanding position freely; their name was a terror to the merchant and to the gentle Kirghiz, and their success was such that certain roads were entirely abandoned by traders; tracts of country north of the passes were completely depopulated, and Hunza was the centre of the slave trade, the place to which the merchants of Badakshan regularly came to replenish their stocks. The rulers of Hunza were rich compared to those of Nagar, and secure in the fastnesses of their mountains they snapped their fingers at China and Kashmir, and with fine impartiality plundered caravans to the north and kidnapped slaves to the south. But brigands by profession as the people were, they appear to have acted always on the orders of their chief, and the admirable cultivation of their ground, the immense and persistent labour spent on their irrigation channels, and on the retaining walls of their terraced fields, showed that they were worthy of better things. The country itself is some hundred miles in length: from Chalt to Hunza, a distance of about twenty-five miles

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The cultivation in Hunza is very limited; the finest stretch is just below the fort of the chief, and extends for some six and a half miles in length with a width of from a mile to a mile and a half, the whole of the land being irrigated. This main stretch of arable land, which is studded with villages, lies at an altitude of eight thousand feet, and faces south, and the climate here is delightful. Further up the valley lie scattered patches of cultivation, getting poorer and poorer as the altitude increases. The mountains enclosing the valley are very precipitous even for the Hindu-Kush; wood and grazing for cattle are therefore unusually scarce, and the people suffer in consequence. The clothing of the people is practically the same both in Hunza and Nagar as it is in Chitral, and has been described before, the only difference being that the men's stockings are not knitted in such elaborate patterns, and that, as a general rule, the woollen outer robe is, in Hunza especially, more often white than brown. All, except on State occasions when the higher ranks don the turban, wear the Dard head-dress. This is a long bag of brown woollen cloth rolled back on itself till it forms a cap, which is one fold thick on the top, with a border an inch or so thick round the head. It makes a light, warm, and delightfully comfortable head-dress, but is a very poor protection against severe sun.

Nagar, as most of the surrounding people and the inhabitants themselves generally call it, though they also pronounce the word Nagér, and the scientific, for some cause best known to themselves, insist on spelling it *Nagyr*, is a smaller State than Hunza. The population is about the same, and is composed of Yeshkuns, professing themselves Shiahs, but very

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nearly as lax in their Mahomedanism as the people of Hunza. There is considerably more cultivation than in Hunza, the land is better watered, and the main slopes of the mountains enclosing the country face north, and are consequently covered with forest. The land has the full benefit of the summer sun, and the crops are splendid. The untold profusion of the apricots, and the quantity of gold which can be washed out of every stream, has gained the country amongst the Nagaris themselves the name of "the land of gold and apricots." The people, though of identically the same stock as those of Hunza, show marked differences. They are less warlike than their neighbours; they were never implicated in the raiding of caravans, owing principally perhaps to there being no outlet to the north or east leading to caravan tracks; they are, on the whole, better off, owing to the better agricultural conditions, and the possession of splendid grazing grounds; and last, but not least, slavery is unknown amongst them — that is, they would not brook their king selling them or their children, and the exile of the present ruler's eldest son is said to have been caused by his attempt to introduce the custom from Hunza. The men are not so bright and cheery as their Hunza cousins; they strike one as more sedate and morose, and their reputation for dash and gallantry is far lower. The reason they themselves assign for the difference, and the one generally accepted, is that in the winter, when the sun is in the south, the great mountains backing their valley shut out all the light and warmth, of which Hunza facing south enjoys the full benefit, and that the depressing effect of passing day after day in the cold and dark-

4: Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
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133 seven and eight hundred feet deep, each one filled
487 up by the end of a glacier, the main mass of which was out of sight. We passed through numerous
361 villages whose cultivation, carried far up the moun-
241 tain side, was of the richest. Each village was surrounded by fruit trees, and poplar, plane, and
[712] walnut trees abounded. Every village was either enclosed in a large square fort, with towers at each corner, or had a fort close to it.

133 The third day took us into Nagar. On leaving camp we crossed a great shingle slope, nearly a mile in length, at a point hundreds of feet above the river. Huge cliffs crowned the slope, and made this one of the most difficult pieces of road, from a military point of view, that we had yet passed. During our two last marches we saw conglomerate cliffs and rocks full of garnets, some very fine white sandstone, and in one place a cliff of clay, which was said to be full of
[361] gold. Nagar lies off the main valley, some three
[241] miles up another stream, and the last few miles into it the road ran almost without interruption through cultivation. The fruit trees were a sight to see, apricot trees bending under a burden of red gold fruit, their harvest just beginning, and every house roof, and any other available flat space, was covered with the fruit drying in the sun. As we turned our backs on the main valley the view was superb.
133 Behind us Rukapushi rose in gigantic precipices of
241 thousands of feet of snow and ice, while across the
361 river above Hunza towered another great mountain, its crest broken by sharp granite peaks on which no snow can rest. Its lower spurs are jagged and bare, and below them lay a large semi-circle, one mass of

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villages and of cultivation, the terraced fields carried right down into the river bed. Hunza itself lies on the right bank of a ravine ending in a dark glacier, from whose melting ice is supplied the channel which waters the whole of the Hunza cultivation. The houses of the main village are clustered tier upon tier on a high spur crowned by the Thum's Castle. The arrangement at Nagar is precisely the same.

Our entry into Nagar was very similar to my last year's entry into Chitral, only that the crowd was on a smaller scale, the courtiers not so numerous or so brilliantly arrayed. Still it was picturesque enough; before us rode a man bearing a scarlet and white banner; around us, wherever the road permitted, was the gay crowd in Bokhara silks or dirty woollen home-spun. The usual irregular salute was fired as we reached the polo ground, and the band made discordant music. Raja Jafr Khan could not receive me, being paralysed, so we moved without further ceremony into our camp by the polo ground, preceded by Raja Uzr Khan, who showed, by riding before us, a lack of breeding which scandalised the other Rajas, and which compared very unfavourably with the Mehtar of Chitral's courtesy.

Next morning I paid my state visit to Raja Jafr Khan. The road runs up through the village to the Thum's Castle, under a succession of easily defensible doorways, which would make an assault very difficult for bad troops or local enemies. The Palace stairs consisted of the trunk of a tree with notches cut in it, which led up through a square hole in the floor to the terraced rooms above. In this, as in every other house I ever entered in these wilds, the last two of

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133 land of silent mystery. Looking up from our vantage ground above the glacier, it was obvious that the ice rivers had receded, and, judging from the people's traditions at no distant date, leaving gigantic moraines to the south and in the direction of Hispar.

241 The road to this point from Nagar was very pretty, running entirely through cultivation and orchards, and occasionally under the walls of a village fort. The people were evidently very hard working, and the cultivation and labour expended on walling the fields
609 was most thorough. At some villages they used to bring us out presents of fruit, and at all they were civil and pleasant. They are a nice people, and independent. One old man was very indignant at the men with us for passing along the edge of his
651 field where there was no footpath. We came in one place on an amusing instance of the world-wide tendency to scamp Government work. We were crossing a field which I noticed was very badly gleaned, and I asked the reason. I was told it was one of the Thum's, and that, as the villagers had to cultivate and reap it for him, they did not take as much trouble as if it had been their own.

533 A boy came along with us one day, and played on a long pipe with a very sweet note. It was quite a pastoral. The last we saw of him he was wandering below us on a classic lawn, by the side of a stream which ran flecked with sunlight under the shadow of great walnut trees, playing his pipe, whose plaintive notes floated up to us, mingled with the murmur of
301 the water. His dard cap was ornamented with a garland of red and white flowers stuck into its folds.

000 I had to leave Nagar long before I had exhausted

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644 cluded that my men had been stopped without the Chief's knowledge, and that I would not stand being treated in this way for a moment. My message brought a full apology, but the incident showed the tendency to insolence on the Chief's part, for which I was prepared, and that it was necessary to prove to the young savage that we were not afraid of him, and should insist on being treated with proper distinction.

262 The Thum sent down during the day a dinner for the whole camp, among the ingredients for which was a half-bred yak. In the old days throughout these regions the chief guest had to cut off the beast's head, or, at all events, to strike the first blow with his sword. This part of the ceremony we dispensed with, but we ate the resulting beef, the first we had tasted since leaving India, for in Kashmir, and its outlying districts—Gilgit, Skardu, and Punyal—taking the life of the sacred cow is a deadly crime, which the Hindu rulers punished severely. There were still at this time unfortunate Mahomedans in prison at Srinagar, who had been confined for years, for keeping themselves and families alive during a famine by killing and eating cows.

311 In the afternoon we went for a walk and admired the cultivation, which is extraordinarily careful, the terraced fields falling in one continuous sheet to the river hundreds of feet below. Every inch of available ground is made use of, and we found many miniature fields a couple of feet wide and a dozen feet in length, telling of the pressure of the population, and the difficulty of the food supply.

241 I had heard a tradition that during the fruit season
262 the people were prohibited from eating any form

4: Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
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of bread or grain, but I was told that this was not the case. What does happen here, and throughout the region of the Eastern Hindu-Kush, is that the fruit crops are so prolific that the people naturally live largely on them in summer. Even the animals take to a fruit diet, and you see donkeys, cows, and goats eating the fallen mulberries. The very dogs feed on them, and our fox-terriers took to the fruit *régime* most kindly, and became quite connoisseurs in the different kinds of mulberry, preferring the "Shabtut," the king mulberry, a large luscious purple fruit, to all others.

The great water channel referred to before deserves passing mention. Its head waters are some half a mile up the ravine, on the edge of which Hunza stands, a few hundred feet below the end of the glacier which feeds it. For the whole of this half mile the water channel is a monument of patient labour, and of the clever adaption of the rudest means to the most important end. It is carried across the face of a cliff, in some places of sheer rock, in others of hard conglomerate. Sometimes it runs along the top of a built-up wall thirty or forty feet high, at others through carefully excavated channels in the conglomerate which avoid the difficulties of a sharp corner by tunnelling through it. Where the face of the rock is perpendicular, and its foot washed by the torrent is unsuitable for the foundations of a retaining wall, the water flows through timber troughs, supported by wooden brackets adroitly fixed into the cliff. I did not measure the output, but, roughly, the channel must have at its widest a section of

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of "striking the road." The Nager people were never concerned in these raids. 721

With the former rulers of Gilgit the people of Hunza seem to have lived on tolerably good terms, rendering them a nominal allegiance in the days of their prosperity, but asserting their independence as the later Trakhané Ras grew weak. The Sikh and Dogra governors found their most troublesome enemies in Hunza, against which country they never gained a single success. Hunza raids against Gilgit villages were incessant, till in revenge an expedition was organised in 1848 by Nuthoo Shah, the first Sikh governor of Gilgit. Falling into an ambuscade, Nuthoo Shah and Karim Khan, the Ra of Gilgit, were both slain, and their army defeated with serious loss. In the beginning of 1865 a second attempt was made in alliance with the ruler of Nager, whose lukewarmness or treachery caused the expedition to fail. In the succeeding year a third attempt was made, but the Nager ruler's treachery was now evident, and while the Hunza force looked on from across the river, a skirmish took place between the *quondam* allies, in which the Dogra governor was badly wounded. The unexpected defection of their allies and the loss of their leader so disheartened the Dogras that the whole force took to flight, and reached Gilgit with the loss of only two men. Their artillery, which had been at first abandoned, was recovered by the presence of mind of one of the Dogra officers, who, with a few men, preserved the semblance of order in their retreat. The expedition having been undertaken without permission from Jummoo, the governor was recalled and his proceedings ignored. 648

In 1869 the raids from Hunza were at last put an end to by the present Thum consenting to yield allegiance and pay a yearly tribute of two horses, two hounds, and twenty ounces of gold-dust, which has since been paid regularly.

The elevation of Hunza is 8,400 feet. It may be described as an elongated crescent with the points towards the south, formed by the hills receding from the river. At each end is a strong torrent flowing from the glaciers on the peaks, which are just visible to the north. The cultivation extends about 7 miles in length by 1½ in depth. This is terraced down to the river, but in parts is broken and undulating. It is divided into eight districts,—Naraydass, Assanabad, Doorkun, Hyderabad, Aliabad, Ganish, Baltit, and Altit. Each district has its own fort. Baltit is the Thum's residence. The ground is thickly wooded, and the whole eastern end is 133 241 631 241

12: Biddulph G-3 (1873-1878) 1880 ~~AU1 Afghanistan AU1~~
4 AV3 Dard
Burush AV7

241 covered with orchards of fruit trees. The cultivation is extremely good, and fruit of all kinds grows in abundance.

771 Mahommedanism sits but loosely on the Hunza people, who make no secret of their preference for easy-going tenets. Though professing to be Maulais, they are disowned by their own Pirs, who refuse to visit the country, and no contributions are sent by them to their spiritual chief. They are great wine-drinkers, and are reproached by their neighbours for their readiness to eat unorthodox food,[1] and for the immo-
471 rality of their women. Firearms are scarce, and bows and arrows are still not quite obsolete.

564 The people of Hunza and Nager belong to the caste called Yeshkun by the Shins, but amongst themselves known
142 as Boorish. They differ slightly in appearance, the Nager people apparently showing an infusion of Tartar blood, derived, no doubt, from their Iskardo neighbours. The Hunza people, who are a somewhat taller race, have finer features and are distinguished for being more deliberate and less
197 vivacious in their actions. The language, called Boorishki or Boorishaski, is identical in both states; the Hunza pronunciation being rather more broad and drawling than that of Nager. This language was first published by Dr. Leitner. All their songs, however, are in Shina,—a language which is supposed to lend itself more readily to poetry,—and Shina songs are sung by men who do not understand a word of that language.

576 Both Thums are still addressed as Soori, as a title of respect. This appears to be the same as *Sri*, an appellation of Lakshmi, the Hindoo goddess of wealth, commonly prefixed to the names of Hindoo princes in India, to denote their honour and prosperity. The Thum's wives are styled "*gánish*," which is almost identical with the original Sanscrit word for mother,
231 and their sons are called "*gushpoor*." In cutting the throat of an animal for food, the people of Hunza make a practice of turning it towards the Thum's abode, even when many miles distant, instead of in the orthodox direction of Mecca.

712 Every village, according to its size, possesses one or more
361 forts, sufficient to give shelter to the whole population. These are built of sun-dried bricks, with walls 15 feet high, and square towers at intervals of 20 yards. At night the whole population takes refuge within the walls. Similar forts exist in Gilgit, but under Cashmere rule they have fallen into disuse.

000 In Hunza there is a tradition preserved of the occurrence

[1] Animals not slaughtered according to the manner prescribed by Mahommedan law.

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CHAPTER VIII.

FESTIVALS.

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IN spite of the general conversion of the tribes to Mahommedanism, ancient semi-religious festivals, mostly connected with agriculture, are still observed by them more or less in accordance with ancient customs. About Gilgit, where Mahommedan ways of thought have as yet only penetrated skin-deep, the festivals are still observed with little less ceremony than formerly, and are called "Shiné baradesi," or "Great days of the Shins," which would appear to show that they are mainly of Shin introduction. The dates of the festivals connected with ploughing, sowing, and reaping, differ slightly according to the proper seasons for those operations in different places.

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The first festival is that of *Nôs*, at the time of the winter solstice in celebration of the beginning of the new year, which, according to ancient computation, commenced then. The name *Nôs* means "fattening," and alludes to the slaughtering of cattle which takes place. The first day is one of work, and is devoted in every household to dressing and storing the carcases of bullocks, sheep, and goats slaughtered a few days previously. This is done by drying them in a particular way, so that they remain fit for food for several months. This is necessary because the pastures have become covered with snow, and only sufficient fodder is stored to keep a few animals alive through the winter.[1] The next morning, two hours before day-light, the *Taleni*[2] celebration takes place. Bonfires are lighted, and everybody flocks to the Shawaran, torch in hand. The drums sound summoning all laggards, and as the first streaks of day-light appear, the torches are thrown in the direction of Gilgit, or in that place are scattered about at pleasure. Singing, dancing, and polo go on through the day, and are continued at intervals daily for a whole month.

[1] A similar process of storing meat is practised in Cabul.

[2] *Taleni* is the name given to a bundle of strips of wood bound together and used as a torch.

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This festival is celebrated in Yassin, Ponyal, Gilgit, Hunza, Nager, Astor, and Gor. In Hunza and Nager the bonfire portion is called *Tùm shelling*, "tree-scattering," and in Astor, *Lomi*. It is said to commemorate the death of a ruler who once tyrannised over Gilgit; but there seems good reason for supposing that it is a relic of fire-worship. In Chitral the festival is celebrated under the name of *Dushti*, without the bonfires, as also in Chilas and Darel, where it is called *Daiko*. In the villages of the tract of valley between Ponyal and Ghizr, where the population is almost entirely Shin, no language but Shina is allowed to be spoken on the day of the Nôs festival, and a sort of demonstration is made against the neighbouring Kho and Woorshik communities. Each family makes a bonfire of cedar wood on its own land, and a cry is raised, "To-day let all our enemies in the upper country remain above, and those in the lower country remain below. Let those who wear the 'kori' (the leather boots worn by the Kho people) perish, and let all who wear the 'towti' (the leather leg-wrappings worn by the Shins) increase and prosper." Any man who speaks Khowar or Woorshiki in the village on that day is beaten and ill-treated.

The next festival is the *Bazono*, which celebrates the beginning of spring and the appearance of the first green shoots of corn. On the occasion of this festival the people assemble on the Shawaran, and a lean miserable sheep is brought. It must not be a good one. The Tarangfah sacrifices it, and the blood is sprinkled on everybody's polo stick. The Tarangfah on horseback trundles the head along the ground for a short distance with his stick. Doms then tie a rope to the horns and drag the head along the whole length of the ground, taking the carcase as their perquisite. Polo and dancing conclude the day. In Hunza and Nager the ceremony of the sheep sacrifice is performed at the same time as the *Thumer Bopow* mentioned further on.

Bazono literally means "leanness," referring to the miserable state of the cattle at the end of the winter. This festival is peculiar to Gilgit.

After the Bazono was a festival called Aiboi, which took place during the first week in March, but which is now no longer observed. This appears also to have been confined to Gilgit.

The evening before the festival a peculiar kind of plum-cake, called Jutchbut, was baked and eaten in every house. The gates of the fort were closed, and all probable absentees,

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fairy's drum, and the carcase is given to the Dom musicians, whose perquisite it is. This ends the ceremony, and the day is wound up with archery, dancing, singing, and polo. The mark for the bowmen is a block of wood, with a small wedge of silver, given by the Ra, beaten into it, which becomes the prize of the most skilful marskman.

On the second, or people's day, feasting and dancing go on almost the whole day. They visit one another's houses, being expected to eat something in each house. A few yards of ploughing are commenced as a matter of form by every land-holder, for without this a good crop could not be expected.

In Hunza and Nager this festival is called *Thumer Bopow*, or, "the Thum's sowing," and is celebrated in exactly the same way, but it does not take place till spring owing to the difference of climate. A somewhat similar festival takes place in Yassin and Chitral, where it is called *Binisik*, "seed-sowing;" but the ruler does not take part in it, the present ruling class in Yassin and Chitral having never identified themselves with their humbler subjects. In Yassin the festival is accompanied by a curious custom. The Tarangfah is mounted on a good horse and clad in a robe of honour given him by the Mihter. In this way he is conducted to the polo ground, where all seat themselves while the music strikes up and the Tarangfah gallops twice up and down the ground. Should any accident happen to him, such as either himself or his horse falling, it is regarded as a presage of misfortune to the whole community, and of speedy death to himself. In order to avert evil, he and his family observe the day as a solemn fast.

In Wakhan no public ceremony takes place, but the first seed-sowing is a time of festivity in every household. A bowl of grain, half of which has been roasted, is carried out and scattered round the house. Then the goodman starts for his ploughing, but returning clambers up to his house-top and scatters seed through the central sky-hole which gives light and ventilation to the house. Then, proceeding to his field, he traces a circular furrow twice round it, scatters a little seed, and returns home, where he finds the door barred against him, and he is not admitted by the women till after much entreaty. The next morning he rises before daylight and drives an ass into the house, giving occasion for much fun and joking, after which the ass is sprinkled with flour and driven out again.

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1 Dir. the Chilas category 11c pp. 103-105 -- Analyst